

Florida

Southeast Florida Fishing
Power Of Positive Fishing

Fishing • Hunting
• Conservation •

WILDLIFE

September, 1961

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS





FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S FISHING CITATION

is available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the fresh-water game fish of the prescribed species and size requirements. Citation, showing recorded date of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of the following application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE _____ Date _____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name (please print) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

Species _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle _____

Bait or Lure Used _____

Where Caught _____ in _____ County

Date Caught _____ Catch Witnessed By _____

Registered, Weighed By _____ At _____

(Signature of Applicant)

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS SPECIES

LARGEMOUTH BASS

.....8 pounds or larger

CHAIN PICKEREL

.....4 pounds or larger

BLUEGILL (BREAM)

.....1 1/2 pounds or larger

SHELLCRACKER

.....2 pounds or larger

BLACK CRAPPIE

.....2 pounds or larger

RED BREAST

.....1 pound or larger

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fishing tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

CUT OUT AND SAVE THIS APPLICATION BLANK

★
Published monthly by the
FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION
Tallahassee, Florida

★
Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, and Protection of Our Game and Fish

★
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Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission

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Clubs and Conservation

GUN SAFETY WAS THE THEME of a series of four 15-minute television tapes produced recently by the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission and Channel 2, educational TV in Miami.

Produced in cooperation with the Dade County public schools, the tape is to be used for instruction in gun safety all over the state. Aimed primarily at youngsters of high school age, it was designed to have adult appeal as well.

When the Information & Education Division went to work on the production, cooperation was one of the problems they didn't have. Shooters, safety instructors and firearms manufacturers and dealers came "out of the woodwork" everywhere to pitch in on everything from props to technical advice.

A number of interesting guns, both antique and modern, are featured on the shows and the series is titled, "Gun Safety Workshop."

The safety shows are in no way intended to replace other safety instruction, according to Bob Dahne, chief of the I. & E. division, but provide a supplement to regular NRA instruction and will encourage youngsters to inquire further about "advanced" safety education and shooting programs. The instruction is given as in a classroom with a little comic relief provided by "Rimfire," a student who never quite catches on.

Izaak Walton League

Jack Kuhn is now president of the Florida State Council of the Izaak Walton League of America. The council is a year old, having been organized with Lou Mussler as its first president.

Other officers of the group are as follows:

G. A. Ellis, vice president for the southern section; Bob Bender, vice president for the central section; Carolyn Cohen, secretary; Don Dietz, treasurer; Andy Weddell,

Brevard chapter director; John McQuigg, Martin Chapter director; George Dickerson, Manatee chapter director; Sandy Sprunt, Florida Keys director; Lou Mussler, director at large; Chuck Schilling, director-at-large; Don Dietz, national director.

The legislative committee is composed of A. B. Cohen of the Florida Keys as chairman, Andy Weddell, John McQuigg and George Bender. The new chapter committee includes Don Dietz as chairman, Al Welberry, George Dickerson and Estol Eads.

At the annual meeting, the following resolutions were adopted (summarized):

1. That the I.W.L. urges the Florida Legislature to enact a pesticides coordination act that will require any state department to confer with the United States Public Health Service and the United States Fish & Wildlife Service and appropriate state agencies before any major pesticide control program is launched.

2. That the I.W.L. state council opposes roads other than those necessary for access and approved by supervising agencies in Myakka State Park. (A state road had been proposed that would pass through the park, cutting off part of an area set aside and maintained for refuge and recreational purposes).

3. Urges increased coordination and agreement between the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the Department of Public Health and mosquito control officials and that they make public reports available before mosquito control projects resort to channelization that might interfere with fish and wildlife.

4. Request that permits issued allowing the deposit of pollutants

(Continued on Page 38)

All-Out Effort Against Freshwater Fishing Violations

FLORIDA WILDLIFE OFFICERS will begin a stepped-up patrol program on the fresh waters of Florida. The increased enforcement activity by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission is a part of an all-out effort against possible violations of fishing rules and regulations.

Commission records indicate that one fisherman out of every three hundred checked by wildlife officers will probably violate one of the following Florida fishing laws: fishing without license, fishing with improper license, exceeding the legal bag limit, or fishing with illegal fishing devices. The stepped-up enforcement program is designed to apprehend the individual who would violate rules without concern for his fellow fisherman, Aldrich said.

Fishermen are reminded that everyone 15 through 64 years of age must possess a valid fishing license when using a rod and reel or an artificial lure in fresh water. All non-residents except children under 15 years of age must buy a non-resident license to fish by any method. Residents using cane poles outside home county must possess a resident license. The daily bag limits for fresh water game fish are as follows: 10 black bass, 35 panfish, 15 pickerel, and 30 white bass. Total possession limit is two days bag after first day of fishing.

It is the responsibility of the fisherman to be familiar with the laws governing Florida's fresh water fish and fishing. Copies of these laws and regulations may be obtained from the office of any County Judge, any Florida wildlife officer, the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission at Tallahassee or any of the five regional offices located in Panama City, Lake City, Ocala, Lakeland and West Palm Beach, address listing on page three. ●

THE COVER

Florida's many State Parks, located throughout the state, offer the outdoor family considerable variety in recreational activities, from wooded campsites on freshwater streams, beach camps and fishing piers. For complete information, write to: Florida Park Service, Avant Building, Tallahassee, Fla.

Cover Photo — St. Andrew State Park — By F.S.N.B.

FLORIDA FRESH WATER FISHING REGULATIONS

A NGLERS FISHING FLORIDA's fresh waters must have in possession a 1961-62 fishing license according to regulations as outlined below. Fishing licenses are issued by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission on a fiscal-year basis, running from July 1, through June 30. Exempt from fishing license requirements are residents under 15 years of age, and residents over 65 years of age. Resident of Florida definition—includes citizens of the United States who have continuously resided in Florida for six months prior to making application for fishing license. Servicemen stationed in Florida are considered residents of Florida insofar as licenses to fish and hunt are concerned.

Residents cane-pole fishing in their county of legal residence are not required to have a fishing license. Licenses are required for fishing outside of county in which residence has been established, regardless of methods used.

Resident fishing license is \$2.00 for 1961-62, and those now in effect will expire June 30, 1962, regardless of date of purchase.

Non-resident fishing license regulations have been changed this year, as follows:

Series B—Non-resident, annual, \$8.00.

BOAT REGISTRATION

Florida's Boat Registration Law states that owners of all pleasure boats, propelled by machinery of more than 10 H.P., shall get numbered registration certificates from their County Tax Collector. Boat operators should also acquaint themselves with the Motorboat and Water Safety Law, and all rules and regulations set under this Florida Act put into effect July 1, 1959.

Complete information can be obtained through offices of County Tax Collector, or by writing to: State Board of Conservation, Knott Building, Tallahassee, Fla.

Passport To Outdoor Recreation

By A. D. ALDRICH, Director
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission

WHEN YOU BUY A fishing license you actually purchase more than the privilege of fishing in Florida's fresh waters. A license fee may be classified as a contribution toward conservation or an investment in the future of Florida's fishing.

Series C—Non-resident, 14-day continuous, \$3.25.

Series D—Non-resident, 5-day continuous, \$2.25.

Last year the Series B license cost \$10.50, and the Series D was 3-day continuous for \$1.25.

Daily Bag Limits

The daily bag limits for fishing Florida's fresh waters are: 35 panfish (bream, perch, redbinned pike), 10 black bass, 15 chain pickerel, and 30 white bass. Two exceptions to this bag limit regulation are Lake Seminole in northwest Florida, and the St. Marys River in northeast Florida, both on the Florida-Georgia state line with daily limits set at: 70 panfish, 15 black bass, 30 white bass, and 15 chain pickerel. A third exception is Merritt's Mill Pond, in northwest Florida, where the daily limit is 70 panfish, and 10 black bass.

Possession limit is two-days' bag limit, after the first day of fishing. There is no closed season for fresh water fishing in Florida.

NOTE: Fresh Water Fishing Licenses can be obtained only through offices of the County Judge, and agents authorized by the County Judge.

Free literature and information summaries, plus detailed commercial fishing regulations can be obtained by writing, or telephoning any of the five Regional Offices listed on page-3 of each issue of FLORIDA WILDLIFE, or by writing to: Information-Education Division, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. ●

A fishing license is a passport to healthy relaxation, a key to outdoor recreation, and dollar for dollar one of the greatest values of today. For two dollars a resident can fish 24 hours every day, all year 'round. There is no closed season and no size limit on fresh water fish. A fisherman may take a daily bag of 90 fresh water fish: 10 black bass, 35 panfish, 15 pickerel, and 30 white bass. He may have a total of two days' bag as a possession limit after the first day's fishing. Best of all, he can fish with the knowledge that his license fee is working to produce better fishing.

A fishing license is a piece of paper approximately two by four inches in size, printed in many colors, and various prices. There is a license designed to apply to any situation and any circumstance; there is a license for every fisherman. There is a license for the resident which allows him to fish throughout the state, a license for the non-resident to fish for periods ranging from five days, two weeks, or year 'round. There is a license to replace a lost license, and even a license for the fisherman who is not required to have a license—this is an exemption certificate for residents over the age of 65.

A fishing license is more than a requirement; it is the mark of a fisherman, a sportsman, and an angler who is willing to help pave the way to better fishing in Florida. Possession of a fishing license sets its holder apart from the crowd, as a man with an eye on the horizon, who is looking to a future of better fishing for this and future generations.

A good fisherman should observe the fishing rules and regulations, obtain his proper license, keep it as a mark of distinction, and display it with pride. ●

FLORIDA ALLIGATORS PROTECTED

FLORIDA'S MOST POPULAR reptile and top tourist attraction will receive all the benefits of complete protection as the season for taking alligators closes statewide.

Prior to the new regulation, alligators measuring six feet and longer have been legally harvested over most of the state during special seasons and under certain restrictions. The new regulation prohibits the taking of all alligators for any purpose other than scientific, exhibition, or propagation, and then only by special permit issued by the Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission.

The Florida alligator is more than a novelty or tourist attraction. It represents annually a revenue exceeding \$500,000.00 as direct income to alligator hunters. It is not proper, therefore, that the Commission allow such a valuable natural resource to be placed in jeopardy by over harvesting.

The alligator normally ranges from the lowlands of North Carolina southward through Florida, and westward to the Rio Grande River of Texas. However, in many areas it has been exterminated. Florida is one of the few states where it still survives in appreciable numbers. With civilization moving into the alligator's habitat, the reptile cannot be expected to survive if the present practice of harvest is continued. The closed season will provide the Commission with an opportunity to study the alligator and determine the possibility of a proper pattern for future harvest seasons.

In addition to its commercial and tourist value, the alligator plays a very important role in maintaining the balance of wildlife. Its habit of creating water holes often provides a major source of water for other wildlife in time of drought. The alligator is the one natural enemy Florida possess against the threat of

the invading nutria from the west. In essence, the alligator is just too valuable for the well being of Florida not to be protected.

Most people are familiar with the appearance of the alligator, but often they know very little of its habits and consider every alligator a menace to mankind. Actually, the reptile is very shy and timid and it is only occasionally that an older one becomes irritable or bold enough to become a nuisance. Such nuisance alligators are removed under the jurisdiction of Florida Wildlife Officers, preferably captured and transferred to a more suitable area. ●

INSECTICIDE POLLUTION

CARELESS USE of insecticides by unknown persons has caused the kill of hundreds of pounds of fish in several Central Florida lakes. In one case investigated by fisheries biologists, unidentified persons dumped empty insecticide containers into a lake causing pollution and a fish kill.

Other fish kills have been caused by insecticides used on crops with subsequent rain runoff carrying the chemicals into the water. All persons using such chemicals should carefully read instructions as to usage and disposal of the empty containers. Insecticide users should see that neither chemicals or containers enter into lakes and streams. Such destruction of gamefish is costly both in money and recreation.

Special Hunts For Citrus Area

THE SERIES OF SPECIAL gun and bow hunts for the Citrus Wildlife Management Area has been announced by Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

Regulations for the 1961-62 hunting season provide a 37-day archery season from October 21 through November 26, with no limitation as to the number of archers.

Special managed gun hunts are scheduled from December 2 through December 14, for a total of four two-day hunts, and a limit of 600 hunters per hunt.

Archers will be allowed an unlimited number of buck deer with antlers five inches or longer, and a special limit of 200 deer, which may be doe or bucks with antlers less than five inches. Fawn deer are protected at all times. A daily bag of one and season bag of two deer will be in force during the special archery hunt.

Bow-and-arrow hunters will be required to possess a special Citrus archery permit in addition to the regular hunting license. Special archery permits costing \$5.00 may be obtained from offices of the County Judges in Hernando and Citrus counties. Permits will also be available at #2 and #4 checking sta-

tions during the first nine days.

Special controlled gun hunts on the Citrus area are December 2-3, December 6-7, December 9-10, and December 13-14. No hunter may participate in more than one of the special two-day hunts. A special permit is required for the Citrus gun hunt, with hunters selected by the drawing of lots at a date to be announced later.

Total limit for each two-day gun hunt shall be 75 buck deer with antlers five inches or more in length. In the event archers do not harvest the desired number of deer there is the possibility of a change in the total number of deer allowed during the gun hunts. In addition to the special permit, gun hunters will be required to possess a valid hunting license and the regular \$5.00 Public Hunting Area Permit applicable to most management areas. ●

Hunters interested in Florida's Wildlife Management Areas may obtain special information sheets and maps by writing to the Game Management Division, Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla. Information sheets requested should be made by stating names of specific Management Areas in which hunting is planned.

NEXT MONTH

Complete 1961-62 Hunting Season Regulations

FLORIDA HUNTERS WILL have a two-phase season for migratory dove hunting during the 1961-62 season. The first phase with 23 consecutive half-days, and the second phase with 47 half-days of hunting.

The two-phase dove season is as follows: the first phase opens October 7 through October 29, with Hardee, DeSoto, Glades, Okeechobee, Indian River, St. Lucie, and that portion of Franklin County known as Alligator Point closed to dove hunting. The second phase opens statewide November 23 to run through January 8. Shooting will be allowed from 12:00 noon until sunset of each open day. Daily bag limit for dove will be 12, with a possession limit of two days bag.

Other rules for migratory game during the 1961-62 season are as follows: rail and gallinule, September 23 through November 26, with a daily bag of 15 plus 25 sora rail. Woodcock season December 16 through January 14, with a daily bag of four. Snipe hunting season December 16 through January 14, with a daily bag of eight.

Waterfowl hunting seasons—for duck, geese and coot—will be an-

nounced later when finally established by the U. S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. ●

NO HARMFUL DISEASE

IN FLORIDA'S FRESH WATERS there are no known diseases or parasites of fishes that are harmful to man, according to Bill Woods, Chief of Fisheries for the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

"It is true that we are finding a few fish that are diseased," he said, "but this in no way has any effect on the edibility of the fish, because man is not affected by this disease in any way."

Each year during spring and summer months, there is an increase in the number of diseased and parasitized fishes. These diseases and parasites are very common in south Florida, but occasionally these fish are caught in Northwest Florida waters.

According to Woods, this disease attacks the fish while they are in a weakened condition and can be recognized by a red blotch on the body of the fish. These blotches may make the fish look inedible, but if it is fresh, there is no danger of this fish being harmful to man, he said. ●

FLORIDA'S 1961-62 GENERAL hunting season for resident game birds and animals will open Saturday, November 18, in all districts of the State.

The opening date—applying to deer, turkey, quail, squirrel and bear—was set during a formal meeting of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission at Tallahassee, July 27, according to A. D. Aldrich, director.

Hunting will be allowed every day in the First, Third and Fourth Conservation Districts.

The Second and Fifth Districts, Northeast and North Central Florida, will have "staggered-day" hunting, with the first nine days (Nov. 18-Nov. 26) and the period December 25 through January 2 open every day, except that the Ocala National Forest will be closed December 26 and December 29. Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays will be closed at all other times in the two districts.

Shooting hours for resident game species will be from one-half hour before sunrise to one-half hour after sunset on each open day.

Statewide hunting dates, special seasons and bag limits for the various species of resident game animals will appear next month. ●

REGULATIONS FOR 1961-62 HUNTING SEASON — MIGRATORY GAME

	Rail & Gallinule	Dove	Snipe	Woodcock
DAY'S BAG	15 25 (sora)	12	8	4
POSSESSION LIMIT	30 25 (sora)	24	8	8
First District	23 September — 26 November	7 October — 29 October 23 November — 8 January No early season in Glades, DeSoto and Hardee	16 December — 14 January	16 December — 14 January
Second District	23 September — 26 November	7 October — 29 October 23 November — 8 January	16 December — 14 January	16 December — 14 January
Third District	23 September — 26 November	7 October — 29 October 23 November — 8 January Alligator Point closed in early season.	16 December — 14 January	16 December — 14 January
Fourth District	23 September — 26 November	7 October — 29 October 23 November — 8 January No early season in Okeechobee, Indian River and St. Lucie Counties.	16 December — 14 January	16 December — 14 January
Fifth District	23 September — 26 November	7 October — 29 October 23 November — 8 January	16 December — 14 January	16 December — 14 January

FISHING



BY
CHARLES
WATERMAN

IN THE PAST 40 years I have spent roughly \$300 on tackle boxes.

Since I have no more need for tackle boxes than any other fisherman, this sounds like the gross extravagance of a wealthy sportsman.

That isn't exactly the true picture. My car is not new and when it was, it cost \$2,000. Tourists do not stare at my house and I generally have my shoes half-soled a couple of times before aiming them at the trash can.

What I'm getting to is that I have been swindled, misled and bamboozled so many times on cheap tackle boxes that I have concluded the best is barely good enough. Right at present, I think I'm about through buying the danged things but I have thought that before.

As a callow youth, I once anted up an ill-afforded three-fifty for an honest-to-goodness tackle box with compartments for lures. After I had spent a few hours in a leaky, square-ended johnboat I learned that an old cigar box would have done just as well as my enameled dandy because the water level in my new tackle box was exactly the same as that in the bottom of the boat. My new box was spot-welded steel, of course. That was how I learned what "spot-welded" means.

Since then, I have used boxes made of steel, aluminum, plastic, fiberglass and wood and have also used canvas bags, which aren't exactly boxes but serve the same purpose.

We all collect a lot of tackle we seldom use. Probably the best system is to have a "stock box" or some kind of chest to keep everything in at home and then have a smaller box or boxes to load up for each fishing trip. As I do in everything else, I have gone overboard on this. In addition to the "stock box" (which has actually turned out to be a "stock

room"), I have a fresh water box, a salt water box and a "traveling box" filled with a little of everything. I find that very small containers that go into the larger boxes are the logical solution to quick packing.

For example, we have a "bonefish box" that is simply a small plastic job containing the little bonefish jigs and flies. When we head for the Keys, the "bonefish box" goes in without ceremony. We also have a "bream box" smaller than your hand.

The best tackle boxes I have used were made of aluminum, fiberglass, plastic and wood. I shall not downgrade steel boxes as there probably are finishes that will not rust through. However, my own experience has been unfortunate, especially in salt water.

The most satisfactory boxes I have had contained trays compartmented for the larger lures and considerable "open space" for the smaller containers that went along. I once decided the little lure compartments were simply in the way and took them out, planning to keep everything in small, separate boxes. It was a pious idea but I lacked the character to follow through and two weeks later I had a horrendous mess of tangled plugs and leaders.

Now as to materials:

The big advantage of wooden boxes is that you can sit or stand on them if they're well made. You can do that with a few aluminum and plastic boxes but generally you leave footprints or sitzmarks.

The disadvantages I have found with wood are that the boxes are pretty heavy and the handles generally come off. This last defect is not insurmountable but I have a 35-buck wooden job that has lost its nice leather handle three times. Each time, the tackle on the inside looked as if it had been run through a Mix-

master. The hinges have given trouble, too. Brass piano hinges are expensive.

A cheap wooden box can be a real dog. I had one that got wet in the bottom of a boat. When I picked it up, the glue had let go and the bottom and the tackle stayed on the deck. No one will believe that but I am not going to call up a lot of witnesses. The memory is not a happy one.

Aluminum is fine except that many of those boxes are too light to take rough treatment. You can't sit or stand on many of the better ones because they are made with hip roofs. Once the box is smashed out of shape, you'll find that the latches avoid each other.

Fiberglass or plastic is good if you get the better grade of box. Like aluminum, the plastic is pretty light in weight. Like aluminum it is generally waterproof unless submerged. Not many are watertight all the way around although a few top-notch wooden boxes make good life-preservers, having watertight lids.

Admittedly, there is no tackle box that could ever be quite big enough for everything but pause a moment before you buy one that unhinges all the way across the kitchen floor. Where are you going to open the derved thing? For those who fish alone in a boat, the monsters are ideal but with limited room you need a canopener.

The manufacturers are having a rough time at the moment because they try to make the compartments of a size to suit both plugcasters and spin-fishermen. As a result, the big plugs won't go in and the spinning lures look lonely.

Right at present, one of my pets is the Umco box made of "Royalite"—a kind of plastic—and it is shown in the illustration. I have one for fresh

water and one for salt water. There is room in the bottom for a smaller aluminum box made by the same company—and it holds all of my fly-rod lures. There is also room for the “bonefish box” and spare reels. For me, the combination of trays and “open space” is about right. It doesn’t look as if the handle and hinges would stay on but they have and I want no argument with the Umco engineers about stress and strain. I saw a hard-used 7-year-old one like mine that was as good as ever.

I bought mine and I’m well pleased. Other boxes might suit you better.

So in conclusion—if we have anything to conclude—I want to suggest that you buy a good tackle box. Check the hinges and the handle. Even though the lock would foil a ring of international jewel thieves, it’s no good if it rusts.

The bitter truth is that I would have saved money in the long run if I had employed a top-notch cabinet-maker to build me a couple of 100-dollar boxes many years ago. Like everybody else, I’d rather spend my money in dribbles.

Big Business—Quick Turnover

A national magazine recently reported that fishermen probably will spend some \$250 million dollars for tackle during 1961. Of course this is only one drop in the bucket of money that fishermen spend in pursuing their sport.

It is no news to most of us that fishing is the nation’s No. 1 sport. It is also no news that tackle is big business—and little business. One heck of a lot of fishing tackle is imported now. Some of that which comes from Europe is expensive. Some of that which comes from Japan is cheap both in price and quality. Then, there are exceptions on both sides of the world—cut-rate stuff from Europe and high-grade gadgets from Japan.

It looks as if the government may soon have to step into the picture with a more potent tariff wallop at tackle imports.

Now, they say, Garcia is the lead-



The medium-size Umco tackle box has room for smaller containers and is made of “Royalite.”

er of the fishing tackle industry in point of the amount of business done.

What isn’t too popularly realized is that there is a terrific owner turnover in small fishing tackle business—especially those which make lures of one kind or another.

Don’t get me wrong. If I could whittle out a gadget that would bring in a couple of hundred bucks a month, I’d start now. But the fact is that the home-grown tackle factory may have made the fishing tackle business tough for everybody.

One of the worst troubles with the fishing lure business is that it is too easy to get into. A couple of hundred will make you a full-fledged lure manufacturer.

Strangely enough, the home-grown plug has a special fascination for the fisherman who thinks he’s getting something special because it’s being made in the kitchen. Sometime he’s right since a lot of good lures aren’t manufactured by the big outfits because they’re not attractive to fishermen—even though they may murder the fish.

But the snapper is that these little factories often operate at a loss, filling the market but making no dough for their proprietors. So, the

guy gives the kitchen back to his wife and forgets the whole thing—leaving a few thousand lures kicking around in competition with the big manufacturers.

Most of the tackle people I talk to wail like football coaches the day before the big game. They may be kidding me but I have a hunch that 250 million bucks is being split too many ways.

The way ownership of the little tackle companies switches around, I suspect that it’s a pretty rough business.

Drag Adjustment

Setting the drag on a light spinning reel is something to be done after due meditation and perhaps with appropriate incantation, especially if the fish are apt to be big. Last spring I watched Buddy Nordmann of DeLand land a snook in a place where the snook should have escaped a dozen times.

The drag was just right and Buddy simply increased the pressure by bending the rod more each time the snook neared a pile of dead brush or a mangrove root. The gradual increase of pressure was enough to discourage old Lineside and he finally

(Continued on Page 34)

Confidence plays an important
part in fishing success!
With the St. Lucie Inlet as
my schoolroom, I learned
some facts about

THE POWER OF POSITIVE FISHING

By CHUCK SCHILLING



Debie Waterman regularly outfishes her expert angler-writer husband. My explanation is simplicity of purpose and the power of positive fishing.

THERE IS LITTLE DOUBT about the power of the human mind when magnified and concentrated by a positive attitude. I am convinced the biggest single factor in the success of most of our famous anglers is the edge their positive fishing gives them over anglers fishing with a negative or neutral point of view.

Let me say without quibbling that I believe this power of positive fishing has nothing to do with the physical. I believe it has nothing to do with skill or experience except in an indirect way. Frankly, I believe this power is a more exact description of the "luck" some fishermen seem to wear as a special blessing. It is admittedly difficult to expound a theory such as this, but I think I can build a strong case to prove my

point, and I think I can, also, suggest how such an attitude can be developed and used.

Every great angler I've ever known has been supercharged with positive fishing. A perfect example is Ted Williams, whose greatness as a hitter of baseballs is only slightly more remarkable than his uncanny success as a sports fisherman.

Millions of baseball fans have watched the TV close-ups of Ted Williams at the plate, waiting for the next offering from the pitcher. I can recall him now, the picture of a man and mind fused into a blaze of positive concentration. The feet are firmly planted in the box, the big hands grind the handle of the bat, the eyes bore into the face of the pitcher, the whole body re-

flecting the absolute confidence of a mind tuned to success. Is it any wonder Williams was the greatest hitter of his time?

When fishing, Ted Williams brings that same positive attitude to the sport. Watching him, you know that every cast is made in the absolute inner knowledge that it will produce a strike. If it doesn't, the fire that burns for Williams never flickers. It just burns a little hotter. Why should he doubt? This attitude has been paying off for him in baseball and fishing for years.

Think of the really great anglers of your own knowledge. How do they differ from the ordinary? Are they master casters? Do they use nothing but the newest, fanciest of ultramodern gear? Are they steeped

in fishing lore, in scientific dogma? Perhaps a few would fit this description, but the great majority would not. Do they have a common denominator? I think they do, and we will get to it later.

Certainly all master anglers will not fit the prototype of the skilled sports fisherman. I have a personal friend whom I consider to be one of the truly great anglers of my knowledge. He is so casual about his gear, it is unnerving for me to view the scene. His casting is less than perfect, and he treats fine tackle like something going out of style. But fish! Man, don't try to stay with him. He can smell a single bass in a pond, and he catches fish under all conditions in salt water or fresh, in enormous quantities, using tackle ready for the junk heap. The power of positive fishing is the answer.

A few years back, I spent many months fishing with a friend in the St. Lucie Inlet. Les Keith is fishing the Far Waters now, and I'll bet he is breaking all records and amazing the natives of that distant place. It was really Les Keith who introduced me to positive fishing. He had developed a mental attitude about fishing that simply ignored any suspicion of failure. I have fished with him when he was the only angler catching fish from a school, when 10 or more other fishermen were combing the same water and drawing blanks. This happened not once but many times.

What was his success? Les, himself did not know, because he tried his best to impart that knowledge to me and failed. He succeeded at last but only after years of study and reflection finally gave me the clue. Have you ever had this experience? Let me relate such a happening of only a few months ago.

I have a regular, favorite, fishing spot down in the Florida Keys. In 7 or 8 years of fishing it, it has never

failed me. Recently, friends prevailed upon me to guide them to some of this excellent fishing. I agreed to do so with misgivings. With my friends following in their own boat, we made the trip out to this famous water and, after I gave the newcomers a detailed briefing on how to fish and with what, our boats separated to try our luck.

My companion and I, who are old fishing partners, got into action immediately. We caught 8 or 10 different kinds of fish. We had one on almost at every cast. The other boat was getting nothing. I again held a little seminar, again explained in detail what we were doing to account for our success. I again showed our tackle, even demonstrated the cast and retrieve, catching a few fish while floating alongside the other boat.

Putting a little distance between us, Gerry and I again began catching fish after fish, while my luckless friends continued to catch nix. What to do? This was a situation embarrassing to all. I decided any further coaching would only make matters worse, and so I determined to go ahead with my own fishing, which continued to be wonderful.

Out of the corners of our eyes, we kept tabs on our friends. Finally,

after several hours, they caught their first fish, then another and another, and by the end of the third hour, they were catching fish like mad. By noon, they were exhausted with their efforts. In the next two days, they proceeded to fish up a storm and finally left for home declaring their trip to have been the finest of their whole fishing experience.

What I feared would happen did. On the next week end, these friends returned to the Keys, expecting to repeat the performance that had so pleased them, but a phone call later in the week reported to me that the fishing had been very poor, and they had caught practically nothing. This was what I had suspected, and I think the reason is simple. With our example before them, of how to catch fish on the identical tackle they were using, a positive fishing attitude had been generated briefly and temporarily in my friends. Riding on the crest of this positive fishing power, they had experienced "the best fishing of their lives." The return trip had been without this positive power blessing, and so "the fishing was very poor."

I firmly believe the power of the positive mind affects fishing success. You disagree? How then do you ex-

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Photos By Chuck Schilling



Eggy Bugs caught big brook trout for Al Caputo, because he believed they would. The guide and fish had never seen a popping bug.

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plain the many instances that fit only the above hypothesis?

But before we come to this final question, let's examine my theory on how to develop this positive power. On this question, I will violate one of the cardinal theories of most anglers and all lure manufacturers.

I think most modern anglers are torn between the forces of a split personality. Deep down, most seem to feel that live or cut bait is the only sure-fire fishing attraction. This belief is rooted in the first experience most of us had as children. The traditional barefoot boy with willow pole and a can of worms is not far from the actual experience most of us really had as a fishing beginning.

Now I realize this is unfortunate, because it impresses on the young mind the idea that to catch fish, a worm, shrimp, or piece of cut bait is the thing to use. These simple tools, along with the readiness of sunfish and catfish to bite, make a lasting impression on the young angler. This is especially true if later, first attempts with artificials prove unfruitful.

Thus, our young angler is launched into the sport fishing world as a dyed-in-the-wool bait fisherman. Imagine his chagrin when he learns, as a young adult, that bait fishing is in general disrepute and considered by many to be akin to shooting songbirds or pinching dimes from the collection plate.

This is particularly true if he happens to be a bass or trout fisherman. If bass are his dish, he is soon told that fishing big shiners on spawning beds is the only way to ring the bell. If trout are his fish, the worm dunkers, with hats bedecked with dry flies, will soon convince our budding angler that, while flies and artificials are the respectable lures to use, it's garden hackle that will woo the wily trout.

In the case of the latter, the approved technique is to advertise your purity via the aforementioned hat but secretly carry your worms in a tobacco can in an inside pocket.

This is the real reason so many trout fishermen are pipe smokers.

All of this conflict and turmoil produces the adult angler who is neither fish nor fowl. He either surreptitiously or defiantly uses bait but hedges by carrying a large tackle box crammed full of artificials. These he wets with a few futile casts at the beginning of each fishing day. This is a prelude to the use of bait. He develops no confidence in the former and guilt complex about the latter.

Some few anglers I know have been able to come to grips with this divided allegiance, but they are the exception rather than the rule, and in every case, I think they are limiting their potential by not specializing in one or the other. Of the two methods, artificials offer by far the most opportunity for the angler to develop a truly positive fishing attitude. Either bait or artificials will ring the bell, but most effectively if one is used exclusively.

Artificials will catch more fish, do it more conveniently, do it at less expense, and lends itself to the home manufacture of your own lures. The joy of catching fish on one's own

creations is one of the top awards of sport fishing. Ever hear of anyone making his own live shrimp or garden worms?—crawdads or shiners? Ever try to catch your own? Have you checked the market price of these items lately? These are all reasons to favor artificials if you decided to choose one or the other for special, extensive study and use. As you will see, this is the key to my theory of the power of positive fishing.

It is not only the mental conflict between bait and artificials that robs your mind of positive power. The lack of confidence in any one particular lure can be almost as bad. Fishing writers and lure manufacturers are fond of advising a change of lure at the drop of a hat. Our famous fishing writer is often photographed, peering into a huge tackle box containing over 100 different kinds of lures. I think this is all wrong. I think you should carefully pick out a few basic lures and then stick with them for 8 or 10 years, until you begin to learn how to use them to their best advantage. More importantly, you begin to develop an absolute confidence in them. This is the beginning of the "power."



Photo By Chuck Schilling

A cane pole and worms are traditional, childhood fare, but do they also cause frustration and doubts in the adult angler?

Some famous anglers of my acquaintance have carried this selection to extreme ends. One well-known Florida writer and angler has been fishing with the same one lure in various sizes for 15 years. He shows no sign of changing to something else. His success as an angler is second to none, and the power he generates in this positive fishing is so great, sparks fly from his reel when he casts. I have no doubt he would be just another fisherman if you forced him to use some other lure.

Think about this a moment. Do you change lures a lot? Do you carry both bait and artificials? Down deep in your heart of hearts, do you really know that any one lure is best? If not, then I think you are skidding your wheels and missing out on the biggest single factor in sport fishing.

Almost every really outstanding angler I know has one or two lures he has fished for years and about which he is absolutely convinced. In fact, without such a mental condition, he likely would not be an outstanding angler, because he wouldn't have the "power." It is this factor that makes the difference. It would be pointless to name a long list of well-known anglers who would fit this picture, although it would be easy to do. Actually, all of them have this one thing in common.

In my own case, I have four lures and one fly about which I am as positive as it's possible to get. I have fished these lures for many years and expect to continue to fish them the rest of my life. I have a top-water plug in two sizes and a popping bug in three sizes. These are to me the very end. I fish Super-Dupers in all sizes and yellow nylon jigs in four sizes. With the fly rod, I fish one fly in various sizes and use it both wet and dry.

I have concentrated on my fishing with these lures for years and am still learning. Whoever learns all about any one lure? I think confidence is more important than technique. I think the power of positive fishing comes only with absolute con-



Supreme confidence and the proper lure will often take fish in a stream noted for its preference for bait.

Photo By
Wallace
Hughes

fidence, and this is acquired only with long association and success with a lure.

When I toss a "Leggy Bug" among the lily pads, no tiny doubt goes with it. When I bounce a yellow nylon jig on the bottom, I never wonder if a drifting shrimp would be better. I know with an unshakable faith that the jig will produce. Why not? On thousands of days, it has seldom failed. In high or low water, in clear or dark water, with the moon high or low, at dawn or at noon, that jig has caught fish. It has produced when it seemed everything was wrong, and I think it always will, because I believe it will.

That's the way I fish, and that's the way I think fishing should be done—all out—with no reservations and in full confidence. That's positive fishing, which generates the

power to catch fish. I think it has nothing to do with the time, the tackle, the water, etc. I think it's something between you and the fish. It works for me, and it works for every other angler who develops an awareness of the fundamentals involved.

How can you make the power of positive fishing work for you? It's not easy, and there are more paths that lead to that goal than the one I chose, but my advice would be to eliminate the indecision between bait and artificials as a beginning. Plug up the holes in the bottom of your boat and wash out the stink. Get pure and stay that way. That's the first step.

Then carefully choose a few basic lures that have proven their worth

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BEYOND ALL DOUBT, my friend Max is a sincere, dependable guy.

Also, he is a championship caliber competitive archer and a long-time bowhunter. Many times I've watched in admiration as he shot consecutive bullseyes or pinned paper cups to tree trunks with fast-driven arrows.

His enthusiasm about the potential of a suggested hunting trip is a third quality—and contagious.

"I'll tell you, Mac!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "There are so many wild hogs on the island you don't have to hunt for them longer than fifteen minutes. You can pick out the size animal you want, shoot it and be back home in time for lunch."

Before I could even start to make a reply, he added. "How do you like my new axe?" ... I recognized it as a Case XX leather handle model belt axe ... "Handiest thing in the world for dressing out a wild hog!" he said.

The implication that the little axe was only awaiting a corpus delicti to prove its worth, and the mental image of a platter piled high with pork chops, together, made me a puppet in Max's hands.

"When do you want to make a trip to the island?" I asked him.

"How about tomorrow morning? We can leave here at 2:00 A.M. and be on the island by daylight." ... It was already 10:30 P.M. on a Saturday night.

"All right! I'll go," I said. "I'll take along a lightweight camera and make pictures of you stalking and killing a wild hog with a bow and arrow."

"You can take all the equipment you want," Max said. "You won't have to walk more than 300 yards in any direction. Why don't you take your big Speed Graphic and a couple of reflex cameras, too? Better to have the equipment and not need all of it than need something and not have it along, you know! Besides, as I said, you won't have to carry your stuff far."

"O.K. I'll take all of my equipment. How about Charley and Jack?"

CHASING

want to contact them about the trip?"

"Sure! We can call them from the 'phone booth on the corner."

I reached Jack first, but (fortunately for him!) he couldn't go because of a hard-to-shake spell of virus.

Charley's 'phone rang and rang before I got an answer. I figured he was watching "Shotgun Slade" on TV.

"Want to go wild hog hunting in the morning?" I asked him without preliminaries, when he finally answered.

Charley is pretty level-headed; he gets the facts before he acts.

"Where?" he asked.

"I don't know exactly," I said. "But hold the 'phone a minute and I'll ask Max. He's right here beside me"

"Where is this island of yours?" I inquired.

"It's on Lake Tsala Apopka," Max explained. "You go north on Highway 41 from Tampa to Floral City, then continue one mile past Ferris Groves' Fruit Bar until you see a big white house set high on a hill on the east side of the highway, as you go north. You turn right at that spot, cross the railroad track, then immediately turn left on a hard-surfaced road, where a sign points out the direction of Moonrise Resort and Fish Camp, where you get a boat to reach the island."



Max climbed a tree and waited for a hog to come along the trail. "A wild hog is like a city bus," he explained. "There may be one along any minute!"

CHIT'LINS

Easy going, no work, and good hunting —
That's what was promised for this hunting trip.

"It's on Lake Tsala Apopka," I told Charley succinctly.

"What time do you want to leave here?" Charley asked.

"We'll be by for you about 2:00 A.M."

"What! 2:00 A.M.! It's going on eleven o'clock now!"

"That's what the man said," I repeated in essence. "You bring along a rifle to back up Max in case he needs help. I'll concentrate on getting pictures."

"Going to take anything to eat?" Charley asked.

I cupped my hand over the mouthpiece and again turned to Max. "Going to take anything to eat?" I asked him.

"Don't need to!" he said confidently. "We'll eat breakfast along the way—and we'll be home for lunch." lunch."

"No food!," I told Charley. "Max says we'll eat breakfast somewhere along the way and that we'll be back home in time for lunch."

"All right! . . . I'll see you boys in a few minutes," Charley affirmed.

"NOT in a few minutes—at 2:00 A.M.!" I yelled into the 'phone.

His reply was calm and pointed. "It's almost eleven o'clock now. If 2:00 A.M. isn't in a few minutes, then all my clocks must be wrong!" He hung up.

"Charley will go," I told Max. "Let's put your outboard motor in the trunk compartment of the car now, and fill up both at the nearest service station" I added.

"Don't need to!," Max said. "The motor is already in the car, along with a can of gas. We can get gas for the car along the way, should we need any."

"O.K. . . . Pick me up about a quarter of two."

By EDMUND McLAURIN

At home, I packed a big canvas carryall bag with a varied assortment of photographic equipment. I figured the bulging bag weighed about twenty pounds. But, no matter! I wouldn't have to carry it far . . . (Actually, the bag weighed twenty-eight pounds. Unknown to me when I packed it, I was destined to carry the thing at least ten miles, and thereby expend energy equivalent to mowing and raking the yard regularly for a year!)

We got started on schedule, but with a somewhat complicated, fast unfolding future.

"When are we going to stop for breakfast?" Charley inquired of Max after we had been riding for an hour.

"Oh, there's a good place up the road," Max said. "That's why I didn't stop at one of those we passed."

However, when we got there, the eatery was closed tight. Our pounding and shouting brought only echoes and silence. We moved on, but could not find any place open for business.

"Don't worry, we'll be able to get something at the little store near the boat landing!" Max announced encouragingly.

I glanced at the gasoline supply indicator on the dashboard. It read pretty low, from my viewpoint. "How about gas?" I asked.

"No need to get gas now. Always more gas in the tank than the gauge shows, anyway! We'll get some later on."

Finally, the "Empty" indication on the gauge proved it meant what it said. The car stopped, the motor completely dead. Every service station within walking distance was closed.

Fortunately, it was not serious. We siphoned off some of the reserve sup-

ply of gas intended for the outboard motor and finished our drive to the boat landing. Not a soul was in sight, nor evidently yet awake. The little grocery store was closed, too.

Max proudly pointed out his island, some two miles distant.

The size of Max's boat might possibly have qualified it as a suitable, comfortable craft for, say, Fred Astaire after six weeks of dance rehearsals, but for three men — two of them on the heavy side — it did not seem exactly appropriate.

Besides, it was two-thirds full of water, and its bow buried deep in the shore mud.

Bailing it out wasn't much of a job, considering we couldn't find a bail and had to use our cupped hands. Some forty minutes of active, noisy backbending and splashing corrected most of the undesirable condition. However, there was just enough water remaining in the bottom to swish against camera bags and other equipment when the boat tilted.

Max brought down from the car a small outboard motor that originally must have been auxiliary power for the Mayflower.

"It's a little old," he admitted, "but it's a real water witch."

Before the day was over I, for one, had a more appropriate name for it! I can't mention it here; FW is a family magazine.

Although considerably lightened, the little boat still didn't float. . . . Max tells me to give the bow a hard shove and jump in. "But be careful," he belatedly warned. "There may be a snake under the bow" . . . Fortunately, there were only two frogs.

The motor was one of those wind-the-rope-and-pull types. Max wound the starting cord and pulled. Nothing happened. He wound and pulled again. Nothing happened. Likewise, nothing happened the third time—nor did anything happen on the eighty-third.

"You fellows better get the oars out and row us a-ways," Max suggested, "while I get the motor started."

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Our boat had to be hand-poled through 50 yards of heavy hyacinth growth. To lighten the load, I took my equipment and waded ashore.

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Charlie and I did a juggling act getting the oars from under the pile of concealing duffle we had aboard, and of finding the elusive oarlocks. Some items we passed back and forth at least five times as one or the other groped in the bottom of the boat and between boots and bags for the oarlocks. Finally, we found them and started rowing. By then, we had drifted a quarter of a mile further from our destination.

We really put muscle into our rowing, however, and managed to cover a good mile in the right direction and against a strong current. I could feel the lard melting off my middle. Max meanwhile gave the silent motor his full and aroused attention.

I glanced up through sweat and strain to note that the motor's spark was not advanced very far.

"Give it more juice!" I told Max. He moved the control lever a bit and cranked. The motor coughed once or twice as if in protest.

"Give it more spark!" I encouraged. Max advanced it possibly an eighth of an inch.

I reached back and gave it a hard, positive advance. "Now try it!" I said. . . . The motor started on the next pull and we roared down a narrow channel almost closed by water hyacinths.

We hadn't been underway for more than sixty yards when Max suddenly switched off the motor.

"We're there!" Max gaily announced.

But we were still some 150 feet from what might be the shore line, and every foot of the intervening distance was choked tight with water hyacinths.

"All we have to do is to pole the boat through the hyacinths to shore," Max added blithely. "You fellows pole while I get my arrows sharpened."

Charley and I picked up the oars and started poling. We didn't make much progress; the entwining hya-

cinths stopped our little craft cold!

Laboriously, we were forced to push the individual plants to one or the other side of the bow to clear an arm's length path, then pole the boat forward in the created narrow opening. So thick were the water plants that those we dislodged had to be worked back alongside the boat and pushed behind the stern, instead of outward.

"Hey! There's a snake!" Max yelled, pointing. . . . I turned just in time to glimpse a water moccasin slithering through the water hyacinths towards shore.

"Mac, I think the water is too shallow to get the boat any closer to shore. You take some of the equipment and wade in, while Charley and I try to work the lightened boat closer," was his next conversation piece.

The water was shallow, all right, but deep enough to immediately cover and fill my shoes when I stepped into the entwining hyacinths and underlying mud. I didn't see the snake but solemnly recalled he had taken my designated path to shore.

I mentioned that my shoes were full of water.

"Won't hurt you one bit," Max said cheerfully. "In fact, swamp water is good for athlete's foot."

"Who says I've got athlete's foot!" I shot back.

The area where we hunted is one of the most picturesque in Florida. It is also in an area of numerous, evidently starving mosquitoes and of tough ticks. Two of the latter buried their heads in my hide and were difficult to persuade to let go when their presence came to my attention. (A third specimen, probably hidden in a fold of my clothing, survived the full cycle sequence of the family washing machine when I got back home, but was not tough enough to endure being stomped on.)

Land proved solid, if sticky, ankle-deep mud can be termed "solid". The goo stuck to our feet with every step, and untold thousands of ground level cypress knee knobs cooperated in making walking slow and slippery.

Hog tracks were everywhere. Max stalked the narrow, well-defined game trails like an Indian, moving slowly, scrutinizing every bush and scanning every open area. There was one big difference, though: He never showed us any game!

However, we once heard a hog, but couldn't pin-point its location. Also, it didn't sound altogether natural. Charlie and I couldn't figure out if the hog was grunting or laughing! Anyway, we never saw the animal.

Along the island's muddy shores we found many large snails. They were as large as a silver dollar and about an inch and a half thick.

"The French eat snails," Charley commented informatively. "We have water, some aluminum foil and matches. Maybe we can make some snail soup."

We must have followed Max for a good four miles before he called a halt.

As we rested and cooled ourselves

under a wild magnolia, Max pulled a small transistor radio from his pocket and worked its controls.

"It'll get Tampa loud and clear," he said, demonstrating. Any hog within hearing not addicted to rock and roll music probably lost little time putting added distance between the strange sounds and himself.

The tune ended and a commercial hit the airwaves. "For those food particles that get between your teeth, use Soap-so, the modern toothpaste," was the pointed advice.

"I'd be satisfied if I had food particles between my teeth!" Charley commented wryly. "I can't even remember when I ate last, it's been so long!"

He began to turn his pockets inside out.

"Lost something?" I inquired. "Or ticks?"

"Neither... I just thought I might find half a peanut left over from our last trip," he said.

"You're hopeless!" I told him.

"I'm hopelessly hungry, if that's what you're implying," he countered.

No sooner were we again underway than Max knelt in the mud and measured one of the numerous hoofprints in the area. "Hog track!" he announced encouragingly.

"Yeah... We know what a hog track looks like," I answered. "What we need to know is what a hog looks like!"

The next five miles, and the trip back to the boat landing, were more of the same. . . . In plain language, enough is supposed to be enough, but sometimes enough can be too much. . . .

"Now let's visit the little store and buy something to eat," Charley said. . . . We did, and we didn't. The store had opened late and closed early!

Near the closed store stood a concrete block live bait well, filled with small minnows. Charley was already eyeing them speculatively.

"I read in a magazine that sardines are not a special fish species, but may be any number of small edible fish," he explained. "Let's look around and see if we can find some bread thrown away by a picnicker, and make ourselves some fish sandwiches."

"Aw, shut up about food!" I told him.

We did get to really eat — two hours later and miles along the road home.

First, however, we seriously depleted the packaged food stocks at service stations we passed. At one of these, I met a hunting season buddy. He immediately noticed our mud-smeared clothing.

"What you fellows been doing?" he asked.

"Chasing chit'lins," I told him. "Have some — the store kind, I mean?" I offered him my recently purchased bag of fried pork bits. "They're easier to find when you look for them already packed in a bag," I said, giving Charley a wink.

He couldn't comment because his mouth was too full of fried pork pieces and potato chips, but his eyes twinkled appreciatively. ●



Once we heard a hog, and Charley got ready to shoot But we never glimpsed the animal, nor could we figure out if it was grunting or laughing!

Fishing for catfish is a rather lazy, peaceful sport.

They'll try to eat
just about
everything — from
laundry soap to
marshmallows. Who can
predict the whims
of a catfish's appetite?



CATFISH AREN'T PROUD

By RUSSELL TINSLEY

WE WERE DRIFTING ALONG THE shoreline, George Bolton and I, plugging for bass. George was crawling a black plastic worm slowly along the bottom in stop-and-go jerks. Suddenly something latched on to the bait. When George set the hook whatever was on the other end of his line surged deep and battled tenaciously. Shortly he had the fish snubbed up near the surface. It twisted to the top, fanning water with its deeply forked tail.

George gasped, "A channel catfish!"

It was a cat, all right, about a four-pounder. The fish had completely inhaled the lengthy plastic worm and only the tail was visible sticking out of its mouth.

I wasn't too surprised. Occasionally I'll catch a catfish on an artificial bait. Fact is, I'll take cats on practically anything. Old Mr. Whiskers isn't proud. He'll eat most everything — some of the darndest things, too.

Whenever I do an autopsy on a catfish I never know what to expect. Once I found two bottle caps in one's stomach. Another time I discovered several pebbles. A cat caught in northern Florida had swallowed a metal bottle opener.

But a catfish *won't* eat just anything. At times it can get downright finicky. Although the things which comprise the catfish's diet are endless, nonetheless the fisherman must have the right bait at the right time to successfully catch cats.

There are expert cat fishermen just as there are experts at other phases of fishing. It requires more know-how to catch catfish than a person would first imagine. The fisherman who consistently outwits catfish knows where, when and how to fish.

Cats are basically stream fish. Although they can be caught at times in lakes, the larger catches are made in rivers and creeks, particularly those with a visible current. Catfish prefer running water.

Most are taken right near bottom. One of the favorite catfish rigs is called the "tight line." It is comprised of a bell-shaped sinker and two hooks, about No. 2 in size. The sinker is placed at the end of the line. One hook is placed on a dropper line about a foot or so above the sinker with another dropper hook

about eighteen inches on up the line. When the sinker is on bottom and the line is drawn taut, this causes the lower hook to ride several inches off bottom, the upper one about six inches to a foot shallower.

It isn't unusual, however, for a bait fished idle right on bottom to be just as effective, or one fished below a bobber about two feet under the surface. The successful cat fisherman experiments, varying the depth of his bait until it locates the fish.

But the most important ingredient in cat fishing is the bait. I've taken lots of cats on natural baits, things like earthworms and crawfish and minnows. Worms are particularly effective. Yet it seems cats prefer a bait with an odor, the stronger the better. When a bait gets such a foul stench that even the fisherman can't stand it, then it is just about to the liking of a catfish.

Commercial compounds designed to attract catfish have one thing in common, a stinking smell. Some have a blood base, other aged cheese. They usually are molded into balls and pressed around a small treble hook. This type hook keeps the bait on longer.

Coagulated blood is a favorite catfish bait. Some cat fishermen simply allow the blood to coagulate, then slice it into chunks; others add feathers for substance. One fellow I know even pours the blood into a shallow pan and allows it to "ripen" for several days in the sun. When it begins to stink it is ready for the hook.

I once saw a nice string of cats caught on marshmallows. Another fisherman I know uses cornmeal and molasses rolled into balls. Another claims the bloody heart of a cow is the best he's ever tried. I've heard of yellow kernels of corn strung on a hook like beads, and chicken entrails. Sometimes just a gob of ordinary beef is as good as anything.

When a stream is running full after a rain, one of the most effective catfish baits is an ordinary grasshopper. The roily waters sweep the 'hoppers off shoreline grass and catfish wait eagerly to gobble them down. I know an angler who wads a grasshopper on a small hook and fishes it with a split-shot sinker and a fly rod, letting the current suck the bait down alongside the river bank where catfish lie in wait. They love it.

Another fisherman I know swears by frozen shrimp. Sometimes cut bait from various "trash" fish is very productive. Occasionally chunks of ordinary white laundry soap can't be beat.

Once a friend and I were after cats in a sluggish murky stream, fishing "tight lines" with spinning out-

fits. We were using earthworms for bait and the cats were in a cooperative mood. By mid-afternoon, however, our bait supply was exhausted. We tried grasshoppers unsuccessfully, and I even located a cricket under a rotting log and put it on my hook. The catfish ignored it.

We were about ready to admit we were finished for the day when my friend happened to remember a package of frankfurters in our lunch box. We cut the weiners into inch-long slabs and put them on the hooks. Almost immediately I had a healthy bite and soon a two-pound channel catfish, slim and white with black spots along its sides, was flouncing on the grassy bank. The cats had resumed their furious feeding spree.

This prompted my friend to remark that it was the first time he'd ever caught catfish on hot dogs.

But being a veteran cat fisherman, he'd long ago learned never to be amazed at anything a cat might eat. Mr. Whiskers is no gourmet. He will eat most anything, some that are digestible and a few things that are not. The catfish just likes to eat and what goes into its belly seems to be of little consequence, may it be a stream-fresh crawfish or a chunk of stinking meat. The only problem is finding what is on one's diet on any given day.

Who can predict the whims of a catfish's appetite? ●



This channel cat, landed by the author, went for a small hook baited up with a live minnow.



Photo By Tom Wayman

Lake Okeechobee anglers fishing for crappie (speckled perch) near Okeechobee City on the northern shore.

A Report By
Lake and Stream Survey
Team No. 2

By
FRANK ARRANDALE
and
GENE SMITH

PART 2

LAKE OKEECHOBEE

EASILY DOMINATING THE LAKE fishing waters of all Florida, and, indeed, the southern United States, in yield as well as size, is Lake Okeechobee, the perennial favorite of resident and non-resident fishermen alike. It covers more than seven hundred square miles and has a shoreline of more than one hundred miles.

This seemingly endless expanse of fresh water lies in Palm Beach and Glades Counties and is easily reached by highway from any city in south Florida.

Fishing in and around this lake appears to be as sure a way as any to put meat on the table or a trophy on the wall, whichever is one's desire.

Along the extensive grass flats of the north-west shore is to be found some of the best largemouth black bass fishing in the entire range of that famed scrapper.

Okeechobee bass are caught throughout the year on a variety of spoons, top-water plugs, and live shiners but the best time to take Mr. Largemouth here is during the December-through-March quarter.

Another favorite, for the angler and cane pole fisherman alike, is the speckled perch, or "speck", as he is called. He is to be found more often in the deeper holes and channels of the lake and is particularly available during the fall and winter months.

Impressive strings of "specks" are caught by "cane polers" baiting with worms, small shiners, or other live minnows while light tackle fishermen pull them in using jigs and other artificial "come-ons."

Not to be lightly overlooked, if one is a panfish fancier, is the exceptional bluegill and shellcracker fishing available, again, along the grassy flats and at the edges of the channels.

From April through August these tasty fellows, with

Southeast Florida FISH AND FISHING

numbers of stumpknocker and warmouth, will bite everything within reason: artificial flies, popping bugs, crickets, and earth worms. This latter is by far the most widely and most successfully used baits for bream.

In addition to the above-mentioned fishes, the population of Lake Okeechobee also contains chain pickerel, or "pike", and choice catfish.

It should be noted that fishing pressure, or the amount of fishing that is done in a given area within a given time, shifts and varies in Lake Okeechobee, depending upon the controlled water level. (See Canals)

Fisheating Creek, Harney Pond Canal, Indian Prairie Canal, and the mouth region of the Kissimmee River are known to be localities with concentrated fishing pressure during high water conditions while at low lake level these localities are not fished as heavily nor as successfully — for obvious reasons.

It is best, therefore, when planning to fish in Lake Okeechobee, to inquire of natives or fish camp operators as to the likely spots for finding the finny tribes when you arrive.

In most cases the services of a competent guide will prove invaluable to those who haven't the time to seek out their own favorite and fruitful fishing spots.

Lake Okeechobee Survey

Date of Survey: 1955—1956, 1960.

Area: Approximately 710 square miles, (454,400 acres)

Location: The interior of the southern part of Florida in Palm Beach and Glades Counties.

Aquatic Vegetation: Cattails, bulrush, peppergrass, eelgrass, maiden cane.

Bottom Type: Limerock, clay and shell; hard sand, some muck areas.

Average Depth: Nine feet.

Fluctuation: Considerable, depending upon seasonal precipitation and control measures subsequently required.

Accessibility and Availability: Excellent. Twenty-eight fishing camps and lodges are located around Lake Okeechobee with accommodations as follows: 215 rental guest units, 449 rental boats, and 231 rental motors. Most fishing camps make their launching ramps available to private boat owners at no charge.

Fishing History: Lake Okeechobee's fishing history has been excellent over the years and nothing disclosed by the survey indicates that it will be otherwise in the future.

Fishing Methods: All methods of sport fishing are effective: cane poles, fly, spinning, and casting—depending on the species sought.



The Yellow Catfish, above, and the Long-nosed Gar, pictured below, are species common throughout the waters of Lake Okeechobee.

Photos By Wallace Hughes

Recommendations: It has been recommended that the water level of Lake Okeechobee, which is controlled to a considerable degree, not be maintained at such low levels as to make impossible the use of passage channels, basins, and docking facilities. This condition was reported around the Lake Port—Moore Haven area on the extreme western shore of the lake.

Game Fishes

Common Name	Relative Abundance
Florida Largemouth Bass	Abundant
Bluegill	Abundant
Stumpknocker (Spotted Sunfish)	Common
Shellcracker (Redear Sunfish)	Common
Black Crappie (Speckled Perch)	Abundant
Redfin Pickerel (Pike, Jackfish)	Occasional
Dollar Sunfish	Common
Warmouth	Occasional
Chain Pickerel (Pike, Jackfish)	Common

Other Fishes

Common Name	Relative Abundance
Florida Spotted Gar	Common
Longnose Gar	Common
Bowfin (Mudfish)	Abundant
Gizzard Shad	Abundant
Threadfin Shad	Abundant
Eastern Chubsucker (Sucker)	Abundant
Southeastern Golden Shiner	Abundant
Peterson's Shiner	Common
Northern Needlefish	Occasional
Channel Cat	Common
White Cat	Common
Southern Brown Bull- head (Speckled Cat)	Common
Yellow Cat	Common
Striped Mullet	Common

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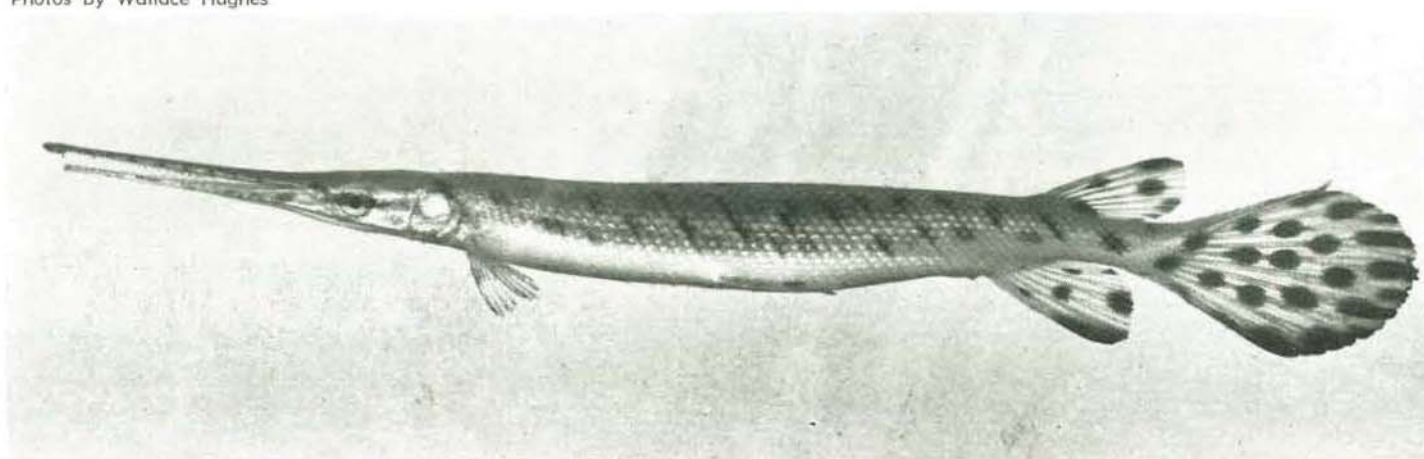




Photo By Tom Wayman

Most popular means of transportation around this "sea of grass" is the airboat. Standard boats, both outboards and inboards, must keep to the special water trails cut through the grass by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

THE MARSH AREA

THE MARSH AREA CONSIDERED in this survey consists of over a half-million acres of grass-water loneliness. One feels quite apart from the world when in the midst of this vast sea of wind-blown grass emerging from knee-deep water, but in actuality life abounds about him. Because of the year-round temperate climate, tropical plant life and varied animal life dominate this watery existence that some consider a "land of no-return" for the hapless adventurer who becomes lost in it.

Due to its extreme flatness and low elevation, when heavy rainfall occurs, many acres of land are inundated. During this flooding, fish seek out new areas in which to spawn and feed and for protection from their enemies. The flooded marsh supports a very large population of aquatic life, both animal and vegetative. In contrast to this, when adequate rainfall does not occur, and water levels recede, a large proportion of the fish population is crowded into the canals. Soon there is a lack of food for the fish and the dissolved oxygen level falls below that which is necessary to satisfactorily sustain life and many fish die. Many of

those that do survive are infested with disease and parasites because of unbalanced water conditions.

One can easily see then, fishing success in the marsh is that of "boom or bust." As long as high water exists fishing is very good and many fishermen are participating in their favorite sport, but when the marsh does start drying up, then fishing is poor and few people consider it worth-while to try.

In order to get around in this sea of grassy water one must use an airboat or stay in the trails cut through the grass by the Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission to enable small outboard motorboats to be used.

Some changes will occur in the impoundment areas known as Conservation Area #2 and Conservation Area #3 in the future because of the proposed interior levees to be constructed by the U. S. Corps of Engineers. What effect these environmental changes will bring about in the fishes' habitat remains to be seen until more extensive investigation and planning is done by all agencies concerned.

While fishing is good in the canals bordering Conservation Area #1 (Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge) the marsh area within these boundaries is closed to fishermen.

Marsh Area Survey

Date of Survey: 1959—1960.

Location: Conservation Areas #1, #2, and #3. Within the Everglades Region.

Aquatic Vegetation: Water hyacinth, water lettuce, pickerel weed, yellow water lily, white water lily, sawgrass, maiden cane, rushes, cattail, sedges.

Bottom Type: Limestone rock, muck, and sand.

Depth: Ranges from a few inches to 5-6 feet.

Accessibility and Availability: Fair.

Fluctuation: Governed by the amount of rainfall and the level of water maintained in the canals as controlled by the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers.

Fishing history: Either very good or very bad, depending upon the fluctuation of water levels.

Fishing Method: Casting, spinning, and fly fishing as well as cane pole. Live minnows and worms widely used as are artificial baits of all types.

Recommendations: That proper and adequate water levels be maintained within the impoundment areas. This would be a fluctuating level, but not to the extreme degrees it has been known to attain in the past.

Game Fishes

Common Name	Relative Abundance
Largemouth Black Bass	Abundant
Redear Sunfish (Shellcracker)	Abundant
Bluegill	Abundant
Chain Pickerel (Jackfish)	Occasional
Spotted Sunfish (Stumpknocker)	Common
Warmouth	Common
Black Crappie (Speckled Perch)	Occasional

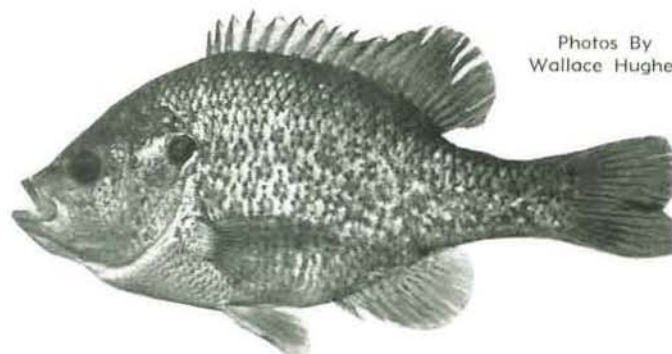
Other Fishes

Common Name	Relative Abundance
Florida Spotted Gar	Common
Longnose Gar	Occasional
Bowfin (Mudfish)	Abundant
Eastern Chubsucker	Occasional

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A scrappy little angling fighter is the Warmouth, listed as common throughout the marsh areas.



Photos By
Wallace Hughes

The Redear Sunfish (shellcracker) can be found in abundant quantities in the knee-deep marsh waters.

One feels quite apart from the world when in the midst of this vast sea of wind-blown grass and water known as South Florida's marsh area.

Photo By Tom Wayman





Photo By Wallace Hughes

SOUTHEAST FLORIDA CANALS

In essence, the canals are large drainage ditches, built primarily to control flood conditions of Lake Okeechobee and the vast marshland south of the lake.

CANAL FISHING IN South Florida is devoted mainly to the use of cane poles on the bank and is much like bank fishing anywhere. Unlike most banks though, the canals do not offer as much in the way of scenic value as the wild beauty of natural rivers and streams to which many people are accustomed.

Whether from an airboat or a power boat, on those canals that are navigable, one may see and hear many forms of life about him: the croaking of frogs; the grunts of alligators; the various sounds of the wading birds as they fly up from the sawgrass and cattails at the waters edge.

In essence, these canals are just what they were designed for—large drainage ditches. They were built by the U. S. Corps of Engineers in conjunction with the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District (C.S.F.F.C.D.) as well as private landowners and land corporations, during the speculation and development days of the latter part of the 19th. century and the early 20th. century.

These canals were built to control flood conditions of Lake Okeechobee and the vast marshland south of it. Also these canals serve the purpose of draining submerged land to enable agricultural and cattle interests to utilize the tremendously fertile muckland. This rich soil when combined with year-round temperature climate produces fabulous harvests.

Proper water control must be maintained in order to serve all interests fairly and equitably: the farmer, the cattleman, the businessman, and the conservationist.

When heavy rains and tropical storms occur, the canals overflow into the marsh enabling the fish to roam a greater area in quest of food and spawning areas. But when the water begins to recede and the marsh starts drying up then the fish must crowd into the canals in their efforts to survive. (This often results in a "fish kill", a condition in which often large numbers of fish die, evidently from lack of oxygen due to the excessive crowding.)

Such a change in water level produces fishing success of considerable variation. Often this variation will be quite noticeable over a relatively close distance and a short span of time. Therefore, it would be erroneous for anyone to make a statement that fishing is either good or poor in the whole of the Everglades. While one man may get his limit after fishing for two or three hours, his neighbor just a few miles away may not have a good "string" at the end of an all-day effort.

Another factor not mentioned earlier, but of importance, is that of the method and tackle used by the individual fisherman. A large percentage of tackle fishermen in South Florida is from out of state—mostly from the North. Since fishing conditions and habitat



Photo By Florida State News Bureau

While fresh water and many marine fishes may be taken anywhere along the canals, they are most extensively fished for near the locks and pump houses.

are quite different from those of the North, it would be well for these people to observe and employ some of the methods of native fishermen.

While some of these canals are readily accessible to fishermen, many are not because of the rules of the Corps of Engineers prohibiting driving on the adjacent dikes. This is a necessary restriction to prevent weakening of the dikes, or levees.

One of the canals that is accessible to the public for fishing, and is known throughout the nation for excellent fishing most of the time, is the Tamiami Canal. This canal parallels U. S. Highway 41 westward from Miami to Naples, Florida. When water conditions are right this body of water supports a heavy population of game fish. As one goes beyond the "40 mile bend" approaching the West Coast this canal connects with other canals that empty into the Gulf of Mexico. Because of this it is not at all unusual to see an angler carefully playing a tarpon or snook or some other marine species, while his neighbor is conquering a fighting largemouth black bass or a scrappy bream. Most of the fishing done on this canal is from the bank since a boat is unnecessary for the most part on this narrow body of water and very few rental units are available.

The St. Lucie Canal is a major navigational artery as well as a flood control measure extending from Port
(Continued on Next Page)



Photo By Wallace Hughes

While one canal fisherman might be reeling in a fighting bluegill, it is not unusual to see another angler a few feet away carefully playing a tarpon or snook.



Good catches of Largemouth Black Bass may be obtained from the lakes and marshes of Southeast Florida, as well as the canals.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

Mayaca on the east shore of Lake Okeechobee to Stuart and the St. Lucie River running into the Atlantic Ocean. Many tarpon and snook of large size can be caught by trolling or casting in the fast water near the flood gates. By using casting or spinning tackle with shiners or artificial lures, or even the familiar cane pole and worm, one may obtain good catches of largemouth black bass, shellcracker, bluegill, speckled perch (black crappie) and other bream species.

Another canal that has a good record for producing catches of tarpon and snook in competition with all the major fresh water game fishes is the South New River Canal (C-11). Although these species are found anywhere in the length of the canal, they are fished for most extensively near the pump house (S-9) that can be seen just west of U. S. Highway 27.

Canal C-18, near Jupiter, produces good catches of the above marine species by trolling in the area between Flood Gate S-46 and Loxahatchee River. Snake Creek Canal, west of Hollywood; the West Palm Beach Canal (especially at Pump House S-5A about 20 miles west of West Palm Beach); the zig-zag canals of the Fellsmere Marsh and Blue Cypress Lake (Lake Wilmington) west of Vero Beach; and especially Canal L-40, forming the eastern border of the Loxahatchee National Wildlife Refuge, are good places to fish for freshwater species. Whether one is fishing from the bank or from a boat, or whether he is using a cane pole or the most expensive tackle, he can count on securing good strings of warmouth, bluegill, shellcracker, large-mouth black bass, or that "old dark man of the deep water," the catfish, to complement a platter of swamp cabbage and a mug of good coffee. Many kinds of bait are used, ranging from worms and live minnows to a varied and colorful assortment of flies, plugs spinners and artificial eels.

Survey Information

Date of Survey: 1958—1960.

Location: The canals located within the Central and Southern Florida Flood Control District in the Everglades Region.

Aquatic Vegetation: Water hyacinth, sawgrass, pickerel weed, yellow water lily, white water lily, coontail, cattail, sagittaria, maiden cane, water lettuce, peppergrass, rushes.

Bottom Type: Limestone rock, mud, shell, and sand.

Depth: About 15 feet in most canals at normal water levels.

Accessibility and Availability: Good in some places, very poor in others.

Fluctuation: Dependent upon rainfall and upon draining procedures of the Corps of Engineers.

Fishing History: Generally very good to excellent during normal water levels, but poor during extremely high or low levels.

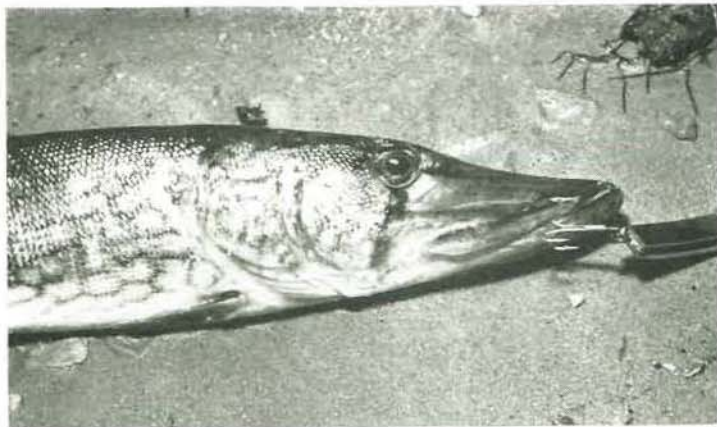
Fishing Methods: Mostly by cane pole and worms or minnows, but some use of fly outfits, casting, spinning and trolling methods also employed.

Recommendations: Proper water levels must be maintained in order to insure against "fish kills" and to maintain good fishing. Fish kills have occurred throughout history to some degree, but only in recent years have they increased in frequency and severity because of the stepped-up programs of land reclamation and necessary flood control measures.

Photos By Wallace Hughes



Whether the angler fishes from the bank or from a boat, whether he uses cane pole or rod and reel, he can count on landing a good string of fish from the canals.



CHAIN PICKEREL (Pike, Jackfish)



GOLDEN SHINERS

Approximate Canal Dimensions

Name of Canal	Width (ft.)	Depth (ft.)
Tamiami Canal C-H and L-29	50-60 ft.	9-15 ft.
St. Lucie Canal C-44	80 ft.	
South New River Canal C-11	40-65 ft. (top)	14-15 ft.
Canal C-18, Jupiter	105-175 ft.	12-14 ft.
Snake Creek Canal C-9	45-50 ft.	10 ft.
Palm Beach Canal L-10	75 ft.	15 ft.
Canal L-40, Loxahatchee	90 ft.	

Game Fishes

Common Name	Relative Abundance
Largemouth Black Bass	Abundant
Redear Sunfish (Shellcracker)	Common
Bluegill	Abundant
Chain Pickerel (Pike, Jackfish)	Occasional to common
Spotted Sunfish (Stumpknocker)	Common
Warmouth	Common
Black Crappie (Speckled Perch)	Common to abundant
Tarpon	Occasional to common
Snook	Occasional to common
Mangrove Snapper	Occasional

The complete Lake and Stream Survey Report, titled "Southeast Florida Fish and Fishing" — plus detailed maps of the areas covered in the report — will be available, free of charge, around Sept. 15, 1961. Copies can be obtained by writing to:

Florida Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission
Fisheries Division
Tallahassee, Florida

Other Fishes

Common Name	Relative Abundance
Florida Spotted Gar	Abundant
Longnose Gar	Occasional
Bowfin (Mudfish)	Abundant
Gizzard Shad	Occasional to common
Threadfin Shad	Occasional
Eastern Chubsucker	Occasional to common
Southeastern Golden Shiner	Common
Channel Catfish	Common
White Catfish	Common
Speckled Catfish	Common
Yellow Catfish (Buttercat)	Common
Eel	Occasional
Leather Jacket	Common to abundant in certain areas.
Look-Down	Abundant in certain areas

Photos By Wallace Hughes



BOWFIN (Mudfish)

I am convinced that
above average fishing luck
occurs more often when
out alone, providing
I go properly equipped.

FISH ALONE

?

GO PREPARED



Items properly selected, and stored, will fit nicely in the average tackle box. Everything shown in the photo above fits neatly in the bottom of the tackle box.

I WANTED TO FISH THAT back-country pothole, and the lightweight car-top boat was my passport. I pulled it across a hundred yards of marsh that my car couldn't traverse, and was in business. A couple of hours later I snaked my outfit back across the marsh under a broiling mid-morning sun.

Was it worth it? Four bass lay in the boat, the two largest weighing ten and five pounds respectively. Without proper equipment, including the aluminum car-top boat, the trip would have been impossible.

If you're a confirmed bass fisherman, you'll often fish alone, because your buddies can't always make it at the same time. Personally, I prefer to lone-wolf often, for usually I have better luck that way. My attention stays riveted to the business at hand, and I fish all available water. The net result is that I have above average luck — that is, when I go properly equipped.

The lone wolf must be prepared for anything, from tackle breakdown to more serious emergencies like motor trouble, snake bite, a capsized boat, or any of the other emergencies that may confront a man out-

By **GEORGE HEINZMANN**

doors. Being properly equipped can mean the difference between a safe, comfortable, and enjoyable trip as against a series of frustrating disappointments, or even a major disaster. While this holds true for a two or three man trip, it is much more important to the man alone, who has no one to help when his motor conks out, his reel stops working, or he confronts a poisonous snake.

Proper equipment does not mean to load to the gunwhales with everything sold for the sportsman. It does mean to travel with adequate equipment for the business at hand—namely fishing—and for any foreseeable emergencies. I didn't learn this from a book but from long experience, selecting and discarding until I arrived at the proper items for my individual needs. Through personal preference, you might add or discard items as you go along.

First for consideration is transportation. Many now

prefer a boat and trailer, but I like my car-top outfit. I like those back-country spots, as mentioned earlier, and my lightweight boat has seen much water that your trailer and heavier boat will never reach. Many of those out-of-the-way spots are little fished and contain some real lunker bass.

My aluminum cartop boat weighs less than a hundred pounds and is easily handled by one man when using any of the good carriers now on the market. My five-horse kicker moves it along at about twelve to fifteen miles per hour. A boat of this type will take rougher water than many anglers realize. I've crossed Blue Cypress and Kissimmee Lakes in this outfit when they were rolling, but a larger boat is preferable for such waters, and I use this rig mostly for smaller lakes.

The anchor is an essential piece of equipment for any boat, and is useful with this rig in another way. In rough water, I lower it a few feet below the surface when motoring. This drag helps to counteract violent pitching and dangerous sideswing. Also, the dragging anchor will give warning of underwater bars or obstructions. I usually stow extra gear up front for ballast, also, to help steady the light boat.

Rig your anchor through a pulley on the bow. Some light boats come equipped, but such a pulley is easy to install. With a cleat installed near the rear seat to tie off the anchor rope, you are able to raise and lower the anchor without scrambling to the bow each time.

When motoring alone, I find the boat much better balanced when I sit on the middle seat. A handle extension for the motor allows this. There are several on the market but I have rigged one of telescoping sections of pipe.

While fish are not particularly wary of sound, they are extremely skittish about vibrations in the water. Be careful about kicking the boat bottom, scraping

your shoes or tackle box, banging the oars against the sides, or any such move that sets up vibrations in the water. With normal daytime noises, you are usually unaware of squeaking oarlocks. But they do squeak—all of them! Those squeaks set up vibrations, traveling to the water through the boat sides, that can scare off a wary bass. Carry a small oil can in your tackle box, and use a few drops on each lock occasionally. I learned this while fishing alone on still nights when the squeaks seemed loud indeed. That first time, strikes were few and far between—and half-hearted. The squeaking finally got on my nerves, and I oiled the locks for my own benefit—and immediately started getting fast hard strikes. Later experiments proved the theory correct.

A life preserver is most important when alone. You can easily be tossed from a running boat, and see your boat continue merrily on its way to leave you alone. Seat cushion preservers serve a double purpose—but the cushion will no doubt remain in the boat when you go overboard. Perhaps the handiest is the small pocket preserver, which you squeeze to inflate. But carry it in your pocket, not the tackle box!

Bass will often take live bait deep. Some other fish that occasionally take your bass plug are sharp-toothed, such as gar and mudfish. Also, the Florida bass-man often fishes for sharp-toothed salt water species. So a disgorging is a handy piece of equipment. I have a home-made one that Harry Travelbee, an old fishing friend, gave me, which I think is superior to most commercial models. It consists of a short length of aluminum rod, deeply notched and beveled at one end for fitting the hook. The other end is flattened with a drilled hole for attached string. The string can be looped around a shirt button when wading.

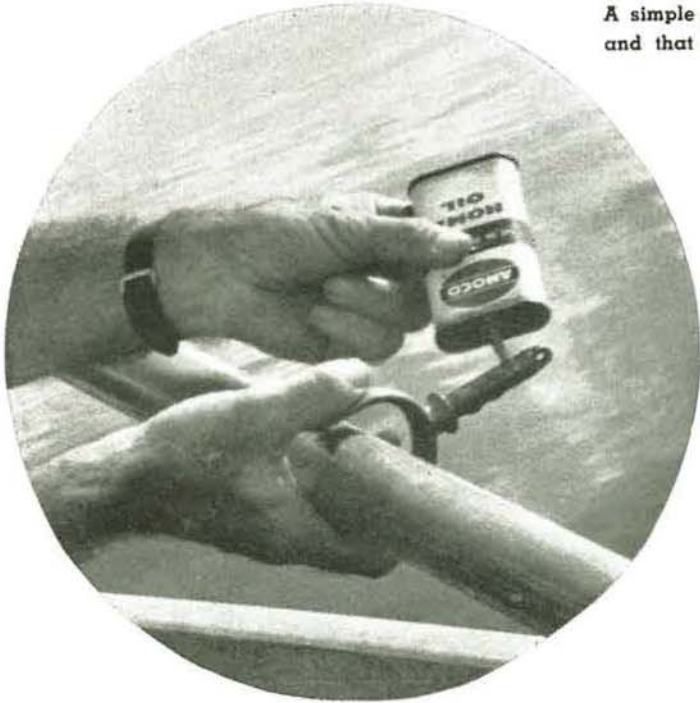
Harry has another handy item, a small magnet,
(Continued on Next Page)

A 12-foot car-top boat has many advantages when fishing out of the way places, and if light enough, can be handled by the solo angler. A simple pulley installed on the bow of a boat makes possible all operations from the stern seat.



Photos By
George
Heinzmann

A simple rule few anglers observe, but which always pays dividends, and that is keeping oarlocks lubricated to prevent grating vibrations.



(Continued from Preceding Page)

with a drilled hole, which he ties to his shirt. When wading, or walking a shoreline, changing flies or hooks can be a difficult process. The magnet holds the extra hook until you're ready for it.

Don't forget a landing net. None of these small collapsible jobs for trout, but a large net for our lunker Florida bass. The mesh should be strong, and the pocket deep, for large bass sometimes jump out of a small net, or break through a weak one.

Your tackle box is the heart of your equipment. Instead of the usual clutter, boil it down to essentials. When properly arranged, a normal size box will hold all the equipment needed for successful fishing, and for any emergency that may develop. In the box illustrated, everything displayed fits neatly into the bottom compartment, leaving the top trays open for lures, etc.

Thus equipped, you are not only all set for good fishing, but are prepared for emergencies from minor discomforts such as rainstorms, mosquito raids, fouled plugs, and hooks in fingers, up to major emergencies like falling overboard, a stalled motor, broken reel, snake bite, or a night in the open if necessary, such as one spent by a friend we'll call "Bill."

With high water conditions, Bill was far back in the St. Johns marshes, fishing alone. On his way out at dusk, he sheared a pin while kicking down one of the many canals that lace the area. He reached for his repair kit, then realized he'd neglected to bring it on the last few trips. Under thickening clouds, darkness came fast. After a drenching rain, the air was sultry

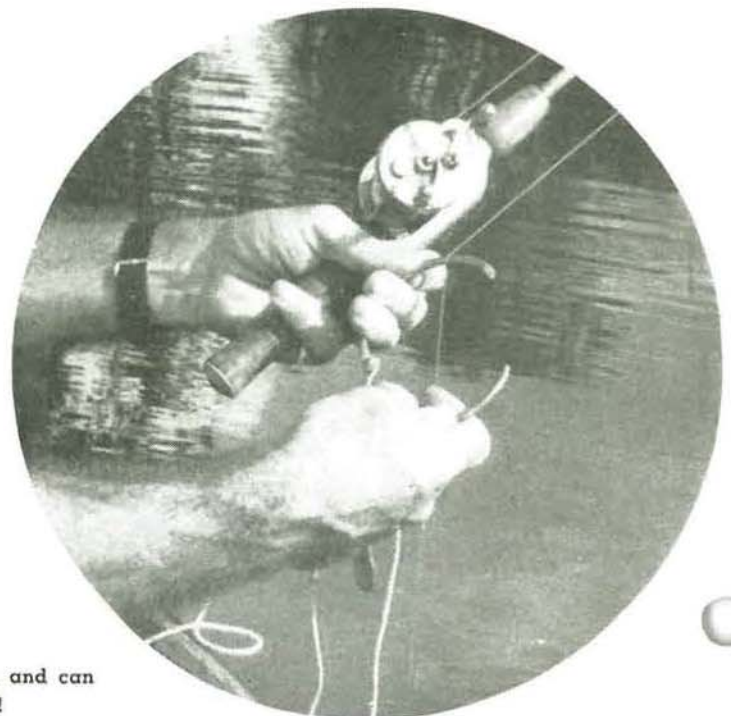
and still. Bill was soaked and so were his matches, as he failed to carry spares in his tackle box. With no fire, and unable to smoke, soaked through, Bill was miserable. Then the big marsh mosquitos came out in hordes. Bill's bottle of mosquito dope was virtually empty, and afforded no protection. With no compass, and the stars hidden, Bill decided to wait out the night in the boat. He had no other choice.

The next morning, a frog-hunter's airboat towed him in, miserable and covered with mosquito welts. The equipment shown here would have brought him in before dusk. But even if forced into a night in the boat, he would have spent it in far greater comfort. It may never happen to Bill again, but if it does, he'll be prepared!

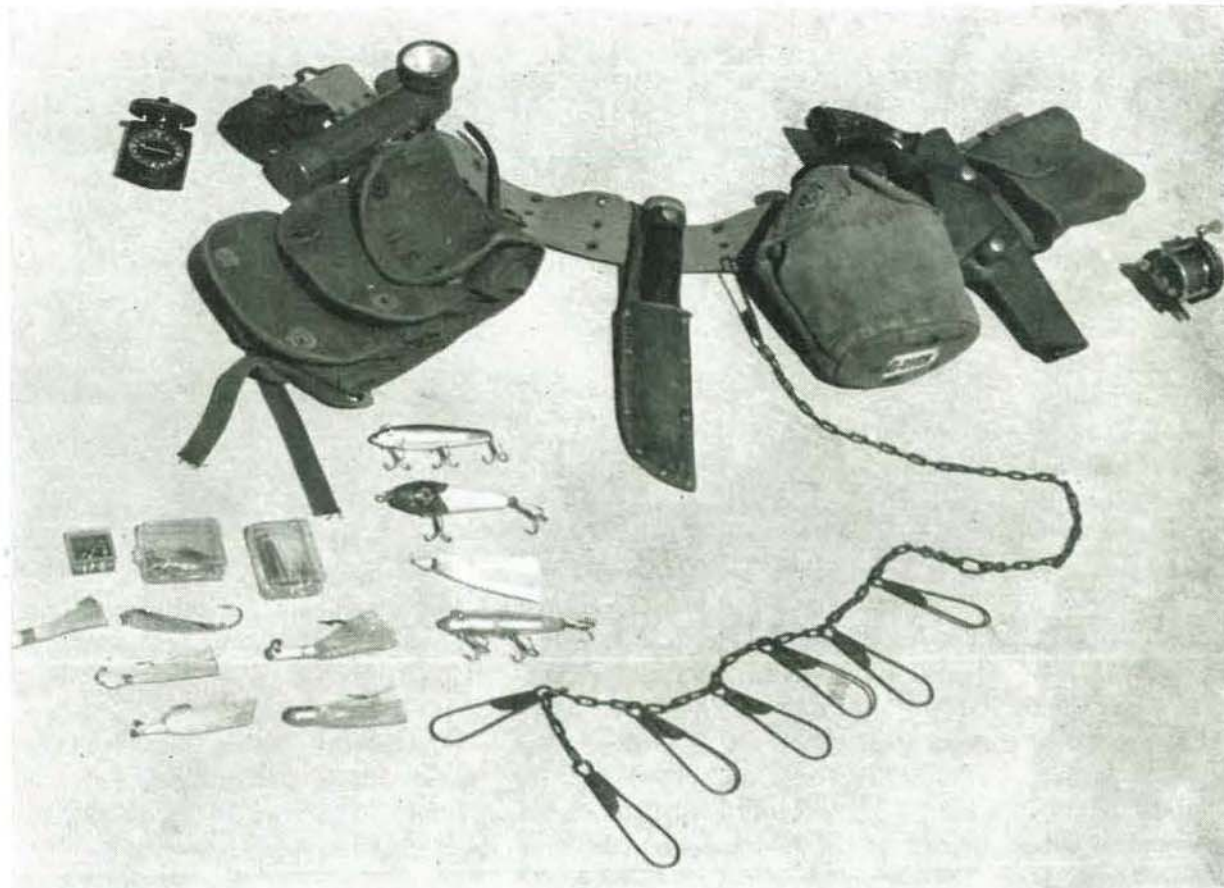
The bass fisherman who occasionally visits salt water will often walk the shores of a pass at night, casting for snook, redfish, etc. The outfit illustrated has him fully equipped. A short gaff can be added, hanging from the belt—but place a cork over the hook to avoid hooking your own leg!

Much of this is government surplus equipment, readily available. The pouch holds various lures, hooks, etc. The extra reel fits into the small pouch. The knife is for dispatching sharks or other unwanted species, or for rough-cleaning fish. I rarely carry the pistol except in far-back country, like the Ten Thousand Islands. It can be used for signalling if you're stranded in such country, or can dispatch sharks brought to gaff.

My last piece of equipment has saved me many dollars in lures. Plug-savers are on the market in various models, but I know of none as efficient as this



This is a home-made gadget that will retrieve snagged lures, and can be used for measuring depth of the water. It works!



For the lone-wolf angler wade fishing or surf casting at night, this layout of equipment includes tried and proven items that leave both arms free for fishing.

Photos By
George
Heinzmann

home-made one. It consists of an outsize loose-leaf notebook ring and length of chalk line wrapped on an old reel. A lead weight is attached to carry it down with more authority, and a snap, for attaching an underwater thermometer.

The cord is marked at five foot intervals with thread wrappings of different colors. Thus, the plug-saver serves the additional purpose of furnishing the water depth, and temperature at any given depth. These are often helpful factors in locating bass, particularly in summer when these fish seek temperatures around seventy degrees.

In using on a snagged plug, simply snap the ring around your line, then play out the chalk line, allowing the ring to ride down to your plug. A little jiggling and alternate slacking and tightening of line will almost always hook the ring on your lure and allow you to pull it free. This rig will more than pay for itself on your first trip. For one thing, you will feel freer to fish deep among snags, knowing that you can save your lure.

This gadget has another occasional use. Four times I have used it to budge sulking old granddaddies that I couldn't break loose with my light tackle. The first time, the time that taught me a lesson, allowed me to fight a bass for forty minutes by the watch — the biggest bass that I "never caught." I was fishing with Howard Keen on Lake Marion.

When he hit, he went straight to deep water and sulked on the bottom. I couldn't budge him, and decided he had hung the lure on a snag. Accordingly,

I got out the plug-saver and ran the ring down the line. Old Linesides was still there, and came out in a bulldog run that carried him forty or fifty feet away. The line ran out through that ring during the locomotive run, and when he sulked again, I managed to get the rig up and off my line. For forty minutes by Howard's watch, he alternately sulked and made deep strong runs. Twice more I dislodged him with the plug-saver after Howard pushed the boat over to him. Then, afraid that the ring would break my light line, I desisted and had my companion stir him up with a long pole.

Finally the runs became shorter and weaker. On the last sulk he started to rise, exhausted by the steady pressure, just as Howard shoved the pole down again. I knew the bass was finally whipped as I saw that huge shadowy bulk under the surface for the first time. I started to yell to hold back with the pole, but was too late. The pole sliced into the water, my fish gave one last convulsive shake, and my lure came flying free into the air.

It was several minutes before either of us spoke. That was the biggest bass I can ever hope to see. He was definitely in the record class. Then to lose him when he had given up after a forty minute battle!

But the point is—without the home-made plug-saver I would never have known he was there! I would have broken my line on the first sulk, thinking my lure was snagged, and missed that grand battle. And isn't the battle more important than the catch—I keep telling myself! ●

MUZZLE FLASHES



BY
EDMUND
MCLAURIN

DURING ONE OF MY much enjoyed visits with friend Tom Gaskins, the cypress knee sage of Palmdale, Florida, we put in an hour of aerial target practice with .22 caliber rifles.

No novice himself at wing shooting, Tom was especially fascinated and intrigued relative to my ability to hit pennies and small steel washers, thumb-flipped thirty feet up and out. He couldn't figure out how I managed to flip the small targets, shoulder my rifle, sight on the targets while they were twisting and turning, then send most of them into screaming disappearance—all within the short span of a second or so.

I let him in on the secret of hitting small aerial targets by explaining that (1) I never for a moment take my eyes off a target once it leaves my hand; (2) I simply bring my rifle to my shoulder into my path of vision, *between* my aiming eye and my target; (3) simultaneously, I take up most of my trigger squeeze and apply the final ounce of pressure the instant the front sight forms the correct sighting picture; (4) I "follow through" in my gun swing, and (5) I use a peep sight.

It was explained that the rear peep sight was all-important because it enables me to concentrate on getting front sight and target in proper alignment without worrying about the rear sight, once the rear sight's aiming aperture is brought into my line of vision.

I again demonstrated each sequence, via a "dry run" of tossed targets, then invited Tom to use my Winchester Model 61 slide-action rifle and sight combination. He soon displayed the necessary rhythm, began hitting fairly small aerial targets and had very close misses on flipped pennies.

I told Tom that, once practice had given him the knack, he could expect to hit even the smallest of tar-

gets fairly regularly. I warned him, though, there would be days—generally after long non-practice periods—when he would miss repeatedly. However, I said the misses didn't matter so long as he put bullets within half an inch of his fast-moving targets; resumed practice would soon restore the precise gun handling needed for scoring hits.

For his Remington Model 550 autoloader, I told him he would need a choice of Williams 5D-550, Redfield 80H or the Lyman 57ES receiver-mounting sight.

Tom ordered a sight and mounted and adjusted it in accordance with directions. On the occasion of my last visit, he was enthusiastic about results. He said installation of the peep sight had given his eyes twenty additional years of youthful accommodation.

Whether you engage in formal tournament competitive shooting, plink away at informal targets or hunt, a properly installed and adjusted peep sight on your rifle will give you vastly improved sighting accuracy over open sights.

Consider that an open rear sight and front sight combination, as usually installed on factory-released rifles, will team up to give, at best,

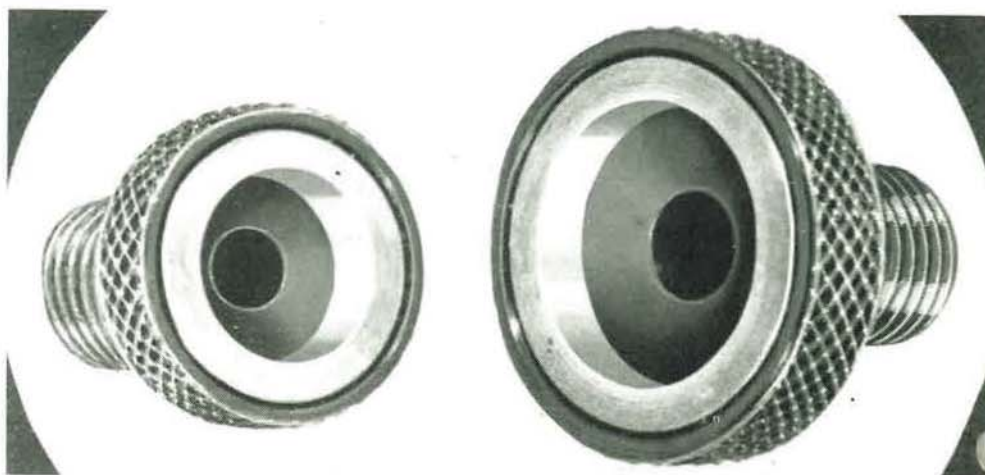
3½ to six inch groups at 100 yards. But, used with a peep rear sight, the same style front sight will often give you consistent groups of 2½ inches or less—all the test firing from prone position, utilizing the gunslinger's steadying influence or that of a sand-bag rest.

For hunting, a Redfield "Sourdough" model blade front sight and a micrometer-click adjusting rear peep sight are probably the best combination of metallic sights you can put on a rifle.

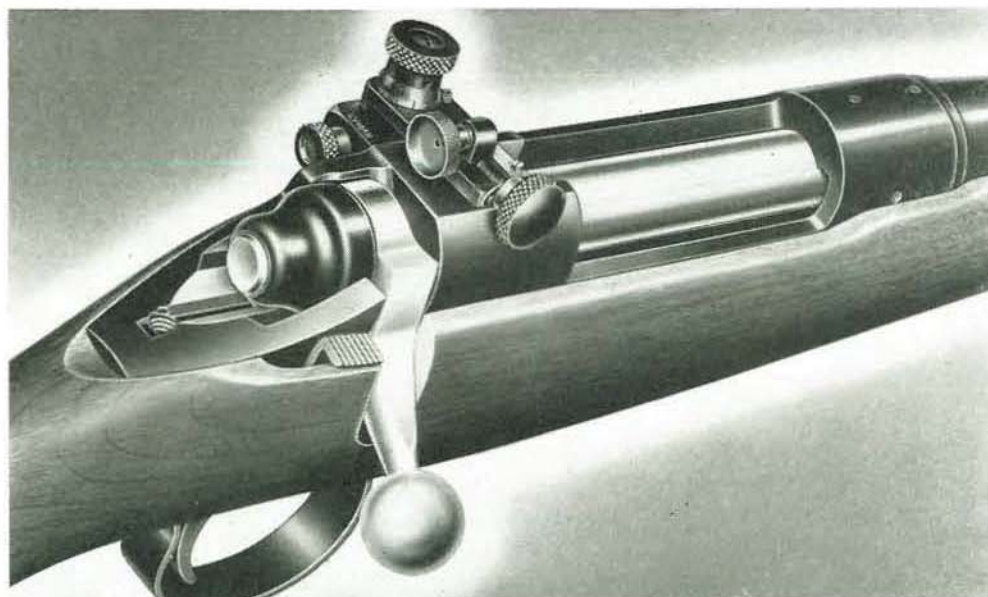
The failure of an installed rear peep sight to perform properly can usually be traced to errors on the part of the shooter.

First of all, the shooter must position the peep sight at proper location on receiver or tang, in relation to both satisfactory vision and subsequent adjustments for sight elevation and/or windage.

Next, the peep sight must be matched to a front sight of proper height. (If, for example, a sighted-in rifle shoots high with the rear peep sight screwed to lowest possible position, then a higher front sight is needed. This may be only a few thousandths of an inch difference from the height of the present front sight.)



For hunting and aerial target practice, use a small diameter sighting disc with large center hole.



A substituted peep receiver sight, close to aiming eye and properly adjusted, will help most present users of open sights shoot better.

A third fault is that, after installing and aligning the new peep sight, the shooter gets the wild notion that if one rear sight is good, two should be better—and proceeds to leave the factory-furnished, open rear sight on his rifle! The net result is that he nullifies the advantage of the installed peep sight by partially blocking out its field of useful vision with the unremoved open sight.

Finally, at least 95% of users of a peep sight for hunting, use it with too small an aperture. Preferably, a screw-in disc of 3/8" overall diameter, with a large size center peep aperture—rather than a big disc with a small hole, or a small disc with a small hole—should be the hunter's choice.

For aerial target practice and general field hunting, I never use a sighting disc larger than 3/8" diameter and with center aperture smaller than .07 of an inch. I shoot with the sight disc almost touching my glasses. If I held my head farther back from the peep hole, I'd use a slightly larger center hole aperture.

Experienced deer hunters—especially fast-action brush country hunters—often remove the screw-in sighting disc altogether and simply use the peep hole in the disc retaining block. I do this myself, when I don't use a sight disc with large size (.125 of an inch) peep hole.

The fact that we hunters may see half the countryside as well as deer target through the big peep hole doesn't bother us one bit, so long as we know the sight is adjusted to shoot to point of aim, and aiming eye and the top of the front sight are centered in the circle seen through the peep.

Most rifles now come from the factory with receivers and/or tangs already drilled and tapped for peep sights. To install a rear peep on one of these rifles, it is only necessary to get the correct sight base, remove the dummy screws in receiver or tang and make the installation with base-holding screws furnished with the sight.

Where receivers and/or tangs have not been factory-drilled, the necessary screw holes must be drilled and tapped.

Unless you have previously installed a rear peep sight, it is a good idea to obtain a cardboard template from the manufacturer of the sight. Placed on receiver or tang, the template will help you accurately locate positions for the screw holes that must be drilled and tapped.

Consider that the original set of sights (open rear and blade or bead front) have been accurately aligned by the factory before the rifle was released to the trade; use this fact to advantage by installing and initially

adjusting the rear peep receiver or tang sight *before* removing the factory-furnished open rear sight. Also, don't immediately change the position of the rifle's front sight—even if you plan to replace it with one of different style or overall height.

After mounting the new receiver or tang peep sight, visually align its sighting aperture for windage and elevation until you see the original factory sights in perfect alignment, through the new sight's peep hole.

Next, remove the factory-installed open sight by driving it out of its dove-tailed slot, from left to right as you look from breech to muzzle. Use a hard fibre rod or soft metal punch, powered with light hammer taps, for this operation.

Fill the now empty sight slot with either a dove-tailed slot blank or a folding style open sight, driving the base into the slot from right to left.

The idea of possibly installing an auxiliary open sight is not to use it for sighting in combination with the peep sight, but to provide a "check sight" that can be turned up for visual examination any time you think the peep sight might be out of position.

If you do install a folding leaf sight, like the Marble No. 69 or the Lyman No. 16, tap its base until the aiming notch is in perfect alignment with the front sight, when viewed through the adjusted rear peep sight.

Now, let's suppose you also want to install a new front sight in combination with the new rear peep. . .

Mount the peep sight, as described, but temporarily leave the factory's open rear sight on the rifle, or install and align a folding leaf middle sight, *before you disturb the factory-installed front sight.*

Those of dove-tail base style are removed by driving out from left to right (as you look from rifle receiver to muzzle), and installed by driving into the slot from right to left, same as with dove-tail base rear sights. Drive in the new front sight until it aligns perfectly with the other installed sights.

If the front sight is the type that
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FISHING

(Continued from Page 9)

came to net. Lest Buddy become cocky about that performance, I also remember a time when his line pinged back into his face.

Anyway, the point of all this is that a spinning reel's drag should be set with the pull from outside the tip guide and the fisherman should find what it feels like when he puts a bend in the rod. Just a tug with one hand and a quick twist of the drag knob with the other isn't sufficient—unless you've set that drag so many times you're absolutely sure of just what you've done.

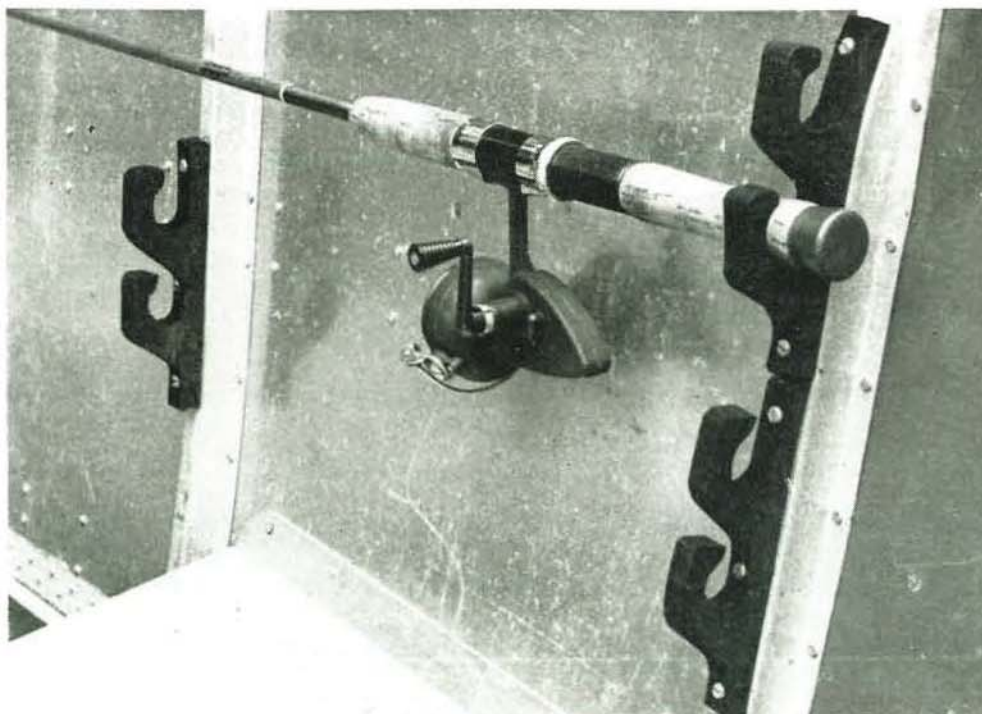
Rod Carriers

I've had some requests for a picture of the neoprene rod holders I'm using in my boat so one shows in this issue. I am probably getting myself into trouble over this. The ones I am using are not in production, having been invented by my neighbor, Jack Gowdy, who never did anything about it other than fix up some for his friends. Since I got the first ones from Jack about five years ago, several manufacturers have begun to build similar holders.

I'm completely addicted to the things and don't know how I got along without them. If you want to make some for yourself, this will give you an idea. If you want to buy something on this order, try a sporting goods store or a boat dealer.

More Rod Carriers

Now, here's one I've gotta' have. It's a rack that goes in the top of a station wagon or carry-all for carrying fishing rods completely assembled. It would also work in cabin cruisers, house-trailers — or anywhere else the ceiling is low enough to reach. To be manufactured by Horne Industries of Box 22005, Fort Lauderdale, this "Rod Rak" costs from \$7.95 to \$9.95 dependent upon the number of rods to be carried. The idea is that the rod handle is secured in a "loop," the rod shaft is held in a hook and a slight tension holds the tip steadily against a



These neoprene rod holders, similar to some on the market, were "home-made" for the builder's friends.

"cushion." Anyway, your 1-piece rods are up against the ceiling out of the way and easily accessible.

Electric Motors

I've had some inquiries regarding the use of electric motors on fishing boats. I've used them and I believe this is a fair appraisal of their usefulness.

Installed on the transom of an outboard boat as an auxiliary motor, the little electric is quiet, reliable and compact. I would not recommend

one for all-day trolling wide open because your battery will run down pretty quickly that way. Used for shoreline casting, they save a lot of muscle, make much less disturbance than oars and can be driven at exactly the speed you want to go.

There is one thing that must be learned about them to make them efficient along the shoreline. They will not change the direction of your boat with the speed possible using oars. You have to "lead" them a little in maneuvering, especially if there's some wind from the wrong direction and your boat is heavy.

I have found that most of the claims made for their use of electricity are a little optimistic and my battery went down faster than I had expected. There is a good explanation, however. I don't think I generally had it at peak charge when starting out. The chargers sold with the motors are not too rapid in their work. If you charge your battery with your gas outboard, that isn't much of a problem.

The most spectacular success I had with one of the little electrics was when sneaking up on rolling tarpon. They didn't mind it at all. If I had used oars, they'd have left in a hurry. ●



Filbeck

"Anyhow, you at least located the water this time."

BOATING



BY
DON
CULLIMORE

THERE ARE A NUMBER of jobs in which I have no desire to become involved. This aversion is due to a combination of factors: lack of interest, superior intelligence, and downright cowardice.

Take airplane wing-walking, for example. They no longer build these contraptions with upper and lower wings and struts in between on which to clutch for hand holds, but in the days when they did the art of clambering around among 'em up in space was a spine-chilling attraction at every county fair.

Back in my callow high school youth, I was stricken by an inexplicable desire to qualify as a member of a barn-storming airplane stunt show. I essayed wing-walking. Once out upon the cloth fabric, clutching the cockpit with one hand and the closest strut with the other, the horrible realization of where I was dawned with frightful impact. I scrambled headfirst back into the cockpit and turned my thoughts to a career of somewhat less romantic and more down-to-earth nature, such as mowing the family lawn when I got safely back on solid ground.

There are other professions and assignments which, to me, are similarly lacking in appeal: Serving as a human target for a carnival show knife-thrower, for one; lion tamer, and being the first man ashore in an assault wave under concentrated enemy gunfire.

Until recently, however, the most terrifying prospect I could imagine was that of being a male judge of a "junior beauty" contest involving female tots of pre-school age. A friend of mine once so served, and after witnessing his harrowing experiences and hair-breadth escapes from annihilation at the hands of outraged mothers I placed this at the top of the list of undesirable occupations.

I am now, however, constrained to admit that these foregoing tests of indomitable fortitude are milk-and-toast tasks compared with the heroic disregard for personal convenience, peace of mind and eventual mental survival required to fulfill a voluntary (and unpaid) assignment which is becoming increasingly prevalent in our water-blessed State of Florida—that of Cruise-master.

I have long realized that cruise-masters were of a strange and anachronistic, if hardy, species. They are a throwback to the strain of the rugged wagonmasters of a century ago, who shepherded their charges to safety across trackless western lands fraught with peril.

Personally, I'm convinced that I'd far rather take on the job of guiding greenhorn migrants through the dangers of arid deserts, stampeding buffalo herds and antagonistic Indians (all this in the absence of route markers, radio communication and mechanical power) — than to undertake nursing a batch of well-equipped and individualistic boatmen from one spot to another on our modern charted and channel-marked waterways.

Any doubts I might have had on the logic of this conclusion were dissipated on a recent weekend when we were loitering on the dock down at Venice on the Gulf Coast, and a cruising group from the Clearwater region put into port at the new Tarpon Center Marina for an overnight stop while en route to Fort Myers.

As the craft — outboard and inboard — trickled by, Cruisemaster A. A. "Woody" Woodruff "stood off" out in the channel, tallying stragglers as they snuggled into the diminishing available dockage. Aiding him was his crew; deckhand,

cook and navigator. Its name was Mrs. Woodruff.

By the time Woody had concluded that all who were going to arrive had shown up, there was but a single dock slip left to accommodate his husky Chris Craft Sea Skiff. It lay at a tight and tricky angle amid a cluster of other craft. Wood made it on the fourth pass in a sharply executed squeeze play and scrambled onto the dock while his crew made the lines fast.

"Does anybody," he asked, going from boat to boat, "know what happened to the rest of the boats?"

He got replies. They started out with such phrases as: "Well, the last I saw of them . . .," and "I think that," or "My guess would be . . ."

"Opinions, guesses," Woody shrugged, as he returned, set the ship-to-shore radio on a Coast Guard calling band and reached for the microphone. Search and, if necessary rescue operations were placed underway. Meanwhile, the crew flushed down the deck and sides with a freshwater hose.

(Quite a few hours later the mysteries of the missing craft were cleared up. All were found safely secured in some harbor or comfortably esconced back home. They had defected for a variety of reasons: Missed the marker and went up the wrong channel; grounded on bars taking a short cut, had to wait for tide rise to float clear; turned around and went home when water got rough . . . These are old stories to cruisemasters. Why didn't they message radio notice to the cruise-master or request the Coast Guard to relay word and thus avert anxious hours? Just didn't think of it. That's also an old story to cruisemasters, who deliver impassioned exhortations on

(Continued on Next Page)

(Continued from Preceding Page)
the subject at every pre-cruise club meeting.)

Search operations under way, Woody scrambled back up on the dock with a hand-held power megaphone. His crew turned her attention to swabbing down the cockpit.

"Please, folks," the cruisemaster pleaded in amplified tones that thundered through the harbor with the impact of a jet-flight takeoff, "let's fuel up now, so we won't be delayed in getting an early start tomorrow. Please fuel up this evening. Please fuel up. . . Please. . ."

The only audible response was a series of tiny "plops," which can best be described as very, very closely resembling the sound caused by air escaping from a succession of de-capped soda bottles. Fueling was under way, but it wasn't being done at the gasoline pumps. This also is old hat to cruisemasters, who soon learn to acquire an acceptance of the inevitable. Woody nodded in fatalistic futility at his crew, who there-upon busied herself with a ritualistic preparation requiring ice cubes.

There were a few more problems . . . a dining room time and space conflict with a convention party . . . a tangle on transportation to lodgings some distance away . . . confusion on accommodations . . . folk who had ignored advance reservations in the blithe (and baseless) assumption there would be ample room . . . the usual run of personal irritations and petty quibbling. . .

These aren't peculiar to any one cruise group, they're typical. All eventually end up to roost, in greater or lesser degree, in the cruisemaster's lap. If anything's gone wrong, he's the goat.

Like I said, it takes a heroic disregard for personal convenience, peace of mind and eventual mental survival. . .

For cruisemasters, propose a special ensign: A floor mat surmounted by a shepherd's crook, a prayer book and a horseshoe.

To be a success, he has to be willing to be kicked around, possess the patience and nurse-like devotion of a

conscientious shepherd, have the aid of Providence and whole bunch of lucky breaks.

Like I said, there are some jobs I don't want. . .

* * *

Somehow, the chap manning the fuel pumps on the new Tarpon Center Marina dock looked familiar. . . turned out to be Hank Fleming, who had been with the Duncan Marina at Fontana on Lake Geneva, Wis., some years before at a time when I was living a few miles distant from that spot. Hank is now operating Tarpon Center Marina. Under construction at the time of the Clearwater Boat-a-Cade, the marina was scheduled for completion prior to publication of this article. Dockage and fuel pumps already were in service, and erection under way on a fabricated steel marina building which will contain a captain's lounge, patio, showers and the like; and marine supplies and service facilities. There will be covered dockage for 50 boats, with hoisting facilities and engine and hull repair service for craft up to 50 tons.

It is a new unit of the expanding Tarpon Center resort establishment, which includes housekeeping cottages and restaurant facilities.

This is in keeping with a broad trend over the country toward all-



"Did you catch anything this time, dear?"

service resort/marina layouts, catering both to the tourist traveling by car, and the transient boatman. I noted these new resort/marinas in quite a few places along the Gulf Coast, built within the past year. One large motel chain has a combination motel and marina between Sarasota and Bradenton, and is planning a similar establishment on the Back Bay near Biloxi, Miss. One of the attractions of the "marine city" development at Back Bay is an opulent and air-conditioned "fishing arena," an unbelievable big structure built on piling out over the water. If a school of hungry fish swims past, you're in business with baited hooks. If fishing is spotty, you can read a book or sip a coke while lolling in air-conditioned comfort!

* * *

Cruising Cookbook

A culinary tip to live-aboard boatmen (equally good for the trailer dweller and also mighty useful to impatient people like myself who have to cook up a home meal but loathe lengthy preparation): There's a book out—"The New Cruising Cookbook," that'll be a big help in solving galley problems.

Write authors Russell K. Jones and C. McKim Norton: "We know that the sailor who cooks on a small boat usually wants to spend a minimum amount of time in the galley. For this reason many complete meals are included which take less than 30 minutes. Most of the recipes call for less than an hour's cooking time from the moment the stove is lit . . . on the other hand, this book is not for those who believe that bad food is a necessary evil on a small boat. The pseudo-rugged life typified by eating cold beans or tuna fish right out of the can is not for us. Our philosophy is maximum comfort with . . . essential simplicity. . ."

I've been using it as cooking guide at home as well as afloat. . . and as I mentioned, its simplicity appeals to my lazy nature. Published by W. W. Norton & Co., New York, it sells for \$4.50. ●

DOG CHATTER



BY
GEORGE
CROWLEY

THE PRACTICE OF USING dogs for police patrol is one that has long been encouraged by people who know dogs and their capabilities. But we have noticed that in recent years the idea seems to be taking hold increasingly.

Central Park in New York City is a natural place for the use of dogs for patrol purposes and numerous experiments have shown them to be as effective as expected. The criminal who has lain in wait for late night passersby and then escaped into the thickets is no longer safe from being followed.

Their use for night patrol in huge stores like Marshall Field's in Chicago, and Macy's in New York has proven that they are as effective inside as out. For here they accompany the night watchmen on their rounds and when they have passed through a department it is a sure bet that no thief is hiding behind the clothing racks or under a counter.

Several years ago at a meeting of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, the commission of Dearborn, Mich., reported on the effectiveness of dogs used for patrol purposes there. The story was told of how a Dearborn police department dog held four men at bay while an officer left him and walked a block to phone for a police car. When he returned the men hadn't budged an inch.

Many cities are not recognizing the fact that to combat crime in thickly settled areas they must return to the foot patrolman rather than depend on the cruising patrol car. But with higher salary scales this is a pretty heavy burden on most police department budgets.

If, by the use of dogs, the number of foot patrolmen needed can be cut down dogs again will have helped to lighten the burden on their human friends.

It Takes All Kinds

Just what kind of dog do the most people want? That my dear friends is a mighty tough and touchy question. No one really knows exactly. For every time some one breed becomes extremely popular, and it appears that it is the prototype of the dog most people want, some other breed moves in and noses out the leader.

There are, however, certain physical characteristics that, on the average, appeal to more people. And fortunately they are by no means confined to any one breed.

A survey made by a Chicago polling firm disclosed that most people like "cuteness" and "verve" in dogs. And many like an element of "puppyishness". Most want their dogs to appear light-hearted and happy—perhaps they feel there is enough trouble in the world among people and that it is up to our canine friends to dispel the gloom.

Albert Staehle, whose American Weekly covers of Butch, the eternally puppyish cocker, have made him one of the best known and best loved dogs in America, always shows him romping or playing.

But does this mean that the bloodhound and bulldog are becoming less popular? Not by a long shot. On the contrary, they are gaining admirers every year.

Which after all, just goes to show



"Last warning, you . . . STAY AWAY FROM ME!"

that it takes all kinds of dogs, as well as people, to make a world.

War Hero

At 140, Ol' Sarge just faded away and is no doubt storming the Beach into K-9 Heaven. He never placed at any dog shows, and he never starred on TV or in the movies. But what this German shepherd did in his 20-year lifetime was fight with the Marines on Guadalcanal, Saipan and Tarawa, save the lives of nine U. S. servicemen, earn the Silver Star for heroism under fire and get a Purple Heart and two clusters for combat wounds.

Army Sgt. Edward Platt bought "Sarge" (formal name, Major von Luckner III) at the age of six months and gave him to his wife. When World War II came, the Platt family all went to war, including their dog.

"Sarge" became a sentry at a prison camp, Camp Shelby in Mississippi but 3½ years of his five with the military were spent with the 2nd Marine Corps regiment in the South Pacific. He was wounded three times. A bomb concussion threw him into the air. He was shot in the tail once. He carried messages and was a fighter. Nine times he came upon wounded men and, according to Mrs. Platt, dragged them to safety "with the help of God."

The 91-pound dog carried the official rank of sergeant on his K-9 uniform and was discharged in 1947, one of the three most decorated dogs of the war.

It was in May of this year that "Sarge" passed away after 20 years, one month and one day of life, the equivalent of a human life of 140 years. In death he was clothed in his special Marine Corps jacket, complete with sergeant's stripes, hash marks, Purple Heart, Silver Star, Good Conduct Medal and battle ribbons. May he rest in Peace. ●

POWER OF POSITIVE FISHING

(Continued from Page 13)

over the years. Learn how to use these lures with the most appropriate tackle for maximum effectiveness. If possible, wangle an invite to fish with someone who is already positive about that particular lure. Watch, listen, and ask questions. Now comes the difficult part, the beginning of confidence.

Once you have made a selection, stick with it. Don't let a few poor days throw you back into the old vacillating—try anything but be-

lieve in nothing—ways. Stick with it, believe, and finally the power of your belief will begin to pay off. In the end, you will be one of those fortunate souls, a "complete angler."

How positive can you get? I don't know, but pretty doggoned positive. How much power can you generate? More than you ever dreamed. Remember, it's not luck, it's power that makes the difference, power created by a mind dedicated and concentrated into a forceful tool, a mind

powered with a singleness of purpose and sparked by the confidence that only experience and success can produce.

This is my belief. This is the lesson Les Keith taught me many years ago with the St. Lucie Inlet as the schoolroom and a Pal-O-Mine plug as the case in point. It took me a long while to understand, but the whole pattern was there plain as day from the beginning if I could have but seen it. There is a power, this is how it works, and this is how I think you can develop it. ●

MUZZLE FLASHES

(Continued from Page 33)

is held in place with a steel pin, the installation is even easier and faster.

Now, remove the factory open rear sight—or turn down the folding leaf of the new middle sight—once perfect alignment is seen.

On the range, you'll have to sight-in (make final sight adjustments) for precise accuracy, but your prelimin-

ary adjustments will have saved you considerable time and costly ammunition.

A few words on the fold-down auxiliary sights: If you combine a peep sight with a bead front, then use a U-shaped notch folding middle sight. Similarly, use a V-shaped notch middle sight if the front sight is blade style. Both the Marble No. 69 and the Lyman No. 16 come with

reversible combination U and V notches, to match bead or blade front sight.

Once you have zeroed your rifle, also finally adjust the folding middle sight for a perfect sight picture, then fold the sight flat and forget it until you again want to check on your sight alignment. This auxiliary sight should be used only as a "check sight"—never as an aiming sight in combination with the peep. ●

CLUBS AND CONSERVATION

(Continued from Page 4)

in streams and other waters should be reviewed and, where necessary, should be changed to conform to the highest non-pollution standards.

5. States that much of the state owned land is bay bottom and the practice of issuing permits for removal of sand and other fill materials often upsets the ecology of the surrounding areas and requests that all such permits or leases be advertised in a similar manner as for sale of bay bottom lands.

6. An expression of appreciation to Governor Farris Bryant for his actions in appointing a guidance committee to investigate and make recommendations as to the wise use of state lands to provide maximum good for the public at large and for his declaration of a moratorium on the sale of public lands by the trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund pending the taking of inventory and the development of long

range plans for their practical utilization.

Odds & Addenda

For three successive years, America's boating safety record has improved, according to the Outboard Boating Club of America. The boaters believe the improving record is due to continued support for programs of boating safety education. . . . Industrial wastes are the leaders in fish kills due to pollution according to the Public Health Service's Division of Water Supply and Pollution Control. Agricultural poisons accounted for the second highest number of fish kills. . . . Florida is one of fourteen states that do not grant refunds of state taxes on gasoline used in pleasure boating. Part of the U.S. excise tax on gasoline for pleasure boats can be refunded if the boatmen will fill out the proper form. About 85 percent of refundable gasoline taxes go unclaimed.

A special section devoted to conservation materials has been estab-

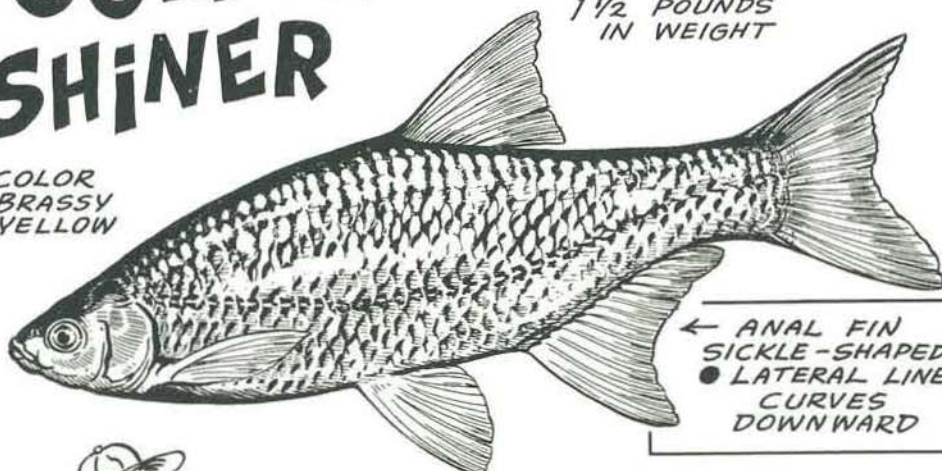
lished in Denver's new, modern library. It is the first national center devoted to the subject. . . . In a recent address, Dr. Paul A. Herbert, president of the National Wildlife Federation said, "if the public does not accept the challenge to supply more opportunity and more facilities for healthful outdoor recreation it will eventually suffer by an increase of social unrest and the growth of radical anti-American movements as the mass of people in the congested urban areas do not find a desirable outlet for the use of their increasing leisure time". . . . Members of the Florida Audubon Society made their second banding expedition of the season to Dry Tortugas in July. A 15-year program of "tagging" sooty and noddy terns is expected to provide valuable information about these birds. . . . Forty-five men have served for fifteen years or more as supervisors in their Florida soil conservation districts. The "champ" is E. I. Patterson of the Holmes Creek district, who has served for 23 years. ●

F L O R I D A

GOLDEN SHINER

THIS VALUABLE FLORIDA MINNOW GROWS TO PANFISH SIZE • UP TO 12 INCHES LONG AND TO 1 1/2 POUNDS IN WEIGHT

COLOR BRASSY YELLOW



← ANAL FIN SICKLE-SHAPED
• LATERAL LINE CURVES DOWNWARD



IMPORTANT FOOD FISH FOR GAME FISH • POPULAR AS A BAIT FISH WHEN FISHING FOR BASS AND CRAPPIE • USE BIG ONES FOR BASS, SMALL ONES FOR CRAPPIE

Know Your Florida Fishes

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

Know Your FLORIDA FISHES

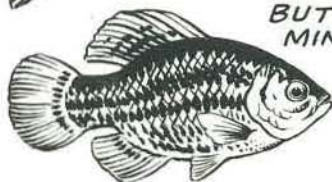
THE MINNOWS COMMONLY USED AS BAIT FISHES ARE NATURE'S MAIN FOOD SUPPLY FOR MANY KINDS OF FISH



GOLDEN SHINER



CALEDONIAN



BUTTON MINNOW



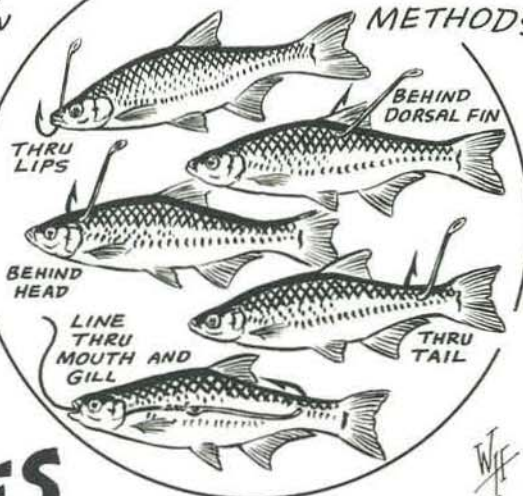
TOP MINNOW

USED BY FISHERMEN AS BAIT TO CATCH BASS, CRAPPIE AND CATFISH

BAIT FISHES

FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION

HOOK BAITING METHODS



W I L D L I F E S C R A P B O O K



Chlacoochee River Delta Near Yankeetown

Photo By Wallace Hughes

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